Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. } NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1839. VOL. IX.—N° 16.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. L. is apprised that T. is probably sold to go to Ky.; if not, an interest of one half can be had for $3,500.

"Western Pike Fishing" requires several trifling amendments, but will appear; with a little more care in composition, the writer would make a valuable correspondent.

Will P. B. S., Esq., of Columbus, use his kind offices in securing the correspondence of his friend, and accept the assurance of our appreciation of his courtesy towards the "Spirit" and its editor.

Maj. R., of the U. S. A., has our thanks for his order of the 18th instant. We trust he may find us "at home" at his next call, with the walls of our sanctum embellished with the evidences of his good feeling.

J. L.'s "confidential" note came safe. O. W. all right. How's putty selling at Washington?

The double letter postmarked Columbia, S. C., and dated the 12th instant, was duly received. The whole matter has been arranged ere this to the satisfaction of all parties; they had all left town when the last letter arrived, but have since been heard from.

The enclosure from "Bottle Hill" reached us punctually.

Kurnel Whetstone is informed that his rifle promises to take the rag off the bush. M—— A—— is dying to know whether he is "hanging out" at Washington, or "laying off" at Aldie? for the life of us we cannot tell. Col. H., thinking him here with us, writes that he "shall be greatly chagrined if he returns '*as an ant, the same way he came*,' without visiting him, as John Randolph said to Col. S——n when the latter invited him to call and see him on his *return* from Charleston." Where will a letter reach you, old fellow? Write Geo. to Williamstown, Vt., care of Hon. E. Paine, *after* you have written us.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1839.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR ENGLISH FILES.

We have been looking all the week for a Liverpool packet, which should bring the London papers of May 19th, but, alas! in vain. In running our eye over old files, we find here and there an item of sporting news, but of no considerable moment. The match between the Birmingham mare and the Yankee horse *Rattler* (not *the* Rattler) did not come off, the backers of the latter paying forfeit. We hear not a word of the great phenomenon himself, *Dutchman's* competitor.

Since this match has been off, the "Glasgow mare" has challenged them both, and, indeed, any horse in England, to trot a match of One Hour, carrying twelve stone, for £200 or £300 a side. At our last dates it had not been accepted.

There can be no doubt that the Marquis of WESTMINSTER was offered 3500 guineas for *Touchstone*. He refused to part with him at any price, on national grounds, and his spirit is highly commended. The gentleman who made the offer, Mr. John Brown, of Chester, acted as a mere agent for some American gentlemen—so says our informant.

GEORGE EDWARDS, the jockey, married, at the late Newmarket Meeting, the daughter of the late WILLIAM ARNULL, a celebrated jockey in his day. It is considered a good match; if the produce do not ride well, it will be idle to attempt to breed jockeys.

Two or three weeks since we mentioned the scandalous conduct of FERGUSON at the Chester races. A correspondent of "Bell's Life" is down upon him in this wise, after first rating, probably with injustice, Mr. WILLIAM SCOTT, the jockey:—

"And now for that out-and-outer, Mr. Ferguson. Harkaway, as you see, was beaten for the Great Cup, and his being made a favorite at 4 to 1 the day before, and his being at 12 at starting, is nothing less than might have been expected from such a party; on the Tuesday he again appeared, and won his race; and on the Wednesday it was announced he would start for the Stand Cup, and he was backed freely, but not P. P.; however, the "flats" got in their money by backing two events, viz., the Apothecary for the Dee, and Puff for the Cup. Apothecary won the Dee, and Harkaway's jockey weighed, and he appeared saddled; and, after walking half an hour, wide of the starting post, he was led back to his stable, and Puff walked over; but, before Harkaway was turned towards his stable, the "flats" again were industrious in backing Puff for the Cup, and their fancy for the Derby. I ask, now, what ought to be done to such a man? and ought he not to be noticed off every course in England? His guilty conscience would not allow him to enter the Stand; and I believe on this day he was not on the course, for though the weather was very warm, he apprehended that an immersion in the Dee might give him cold; for if the man that picks one pocket is subject to it, what does he deserve that performs such wholesale abstraction?

Notwithstanding the repeated and notorious delinquencies of this man Ferguson, our readers will strangely misjudge if they presume knaves like him common on the English turf. As a class of men, the turfmen of England, we believe, are signally honorable, uniting with their fondness for the turf the most comprehensive and definite views of its utility. The English jockeys, too, are far too often suspected of foul practices, although there are many upon whose honesty there never has been the slightest reproach. But the turfmen and the jockeys are vulgarly made to answer for all the sins of the betting men—of the London *Legs*. These men bet on a race to so enormous amounts, that they often attempt to insure their speculations by the foulest practices. Their misdeeds are then attributed to the system of racing, and those actually interested, as the owners of horses and their jockeys. This prejudice is too well understood by our readers to do harm, but not by the public; and it is worth while to bear it in mind, and constantly to reiterate it in conversation, till the turfmen of England, and of our own country, shall be acknowledged *as a class*, as they are already individually, to be upright, and scrupulously honorable.

For Lord Westminster's Plate Harkaway again appeared, so did Cowboy and Caravan, and as you see, Caravan won, and Harkaway was 2d; Cowboy, at all times a slug, attempted to make running, but through his exertions on Monday, on the hard ground, he could not move, and they absolutely cantered five-sixths of the distance, which gave the race to Caravan; but if Harkaway had made running, and which, if they meant running, he would, Caravan (as in the other Cup) would have been beaten half a mile."

On another page the reader will find a report of the "Gorhambury" races, which are now coming into prominent notice.

SHOOTING AND HUNTING.—If shooting impart not that vivacious excitement, that maddening impetuosity indeed, which characterise the pursuit of the fox, it communicates a degree of fascinating animation more philosophical perhaps, and for the most part more lasting. It sometimes happens, certainly, that a passion for following fox hounds continues as long as strength remains to sit in the saddle. The late Sir John Hill, of Hawkstone Hall, Shropshire, was observed at the cover side in his ninety-second year; but, in general, the fox hunter retires from the field when he is what is called middle-aged, and frequently before, on becoming elderly. The late Lord Sefton, who was for some years master of the Quorndon establishment, gave up the pursuit before he had reached his fortieth year; and that most inveterate of all fox hunters, Mr. Osbaldeston, who hunted regularly six days each week, and frequently had two packs out the same day, abandoned this ramification of British rural amusements while "on the right side" of fifty. If the fox hunter thus forsakes his favourite chase, not so the shooter, who generally takes the field as long as he is able to hobble slowly along. Some years ago, when shooting on the moors of Durham, my attention was directed to a veteran of seventy-five, who had come from the neighbourhood of Richmond, Yorkshire, who ranged the mountains as eagerly, if not as actively, as he had at a prior period of forty years. I have more than once accompanied a brother sportsman, my senior by thirty years, for the purpose of assisting him in crossing the fences for hours, partridge shooting. The late Rev. Mr. Ford was slavishly attached to the use of the trigger, a passion which never left him while life remained. He was the rector of North Meols, Lancashire, and for a fortnight before the commencement of the 1st of September, he took walking exercise daily for the purpose of rendering himself more active when the important time arrived—and this, too, when he was upwards of seventy.

SALMON FISHING.—The take of salmon trout in the different river fishings within the bounds of Dumfriesshire and Galloway has been greater upon the whole since the season commenced than for four or five preceding years. In 1833 June had arrived before the majority of the tacksmen paid expenses, while this year, keeping out of view tackle and the interest of rent, expenses, we rather think, have been paid pretty nearly from the beginning. On Monday morning Mr. Scott caught twenty-five trouts and one salmon, and we farther learn that our old friends the halvers, at Glencaple Quay, are coming in for their own share of good luck. Two of them, to say the least, caught a dozen trouts each last week; but these, of course, were mere trifles compared to the High Jinks at Tongland. On the 11th of April sixty-seven salmon were caught in one day. Sixty of these, from all we can learn, were taken at one haul and seven at a second. The average weight was, as near as may be, 8lbs., and the proceeds, at 18d., £40 4s. Dumfries Courier.

MILK-WHITE DEER.—Two of the most rare and beautiful creatures that have hitherto come to the knowledge of naturalists were on Wednesday landed in the East India Docks from on board the Seringapatam, Captain Denny. They are a male and female deer, of the purest milk white colour, without a single blemish or spot of any other shade, and with large full eyes of an exquisite pink hue. Their proportions are perfectly symmetrical, and they are about the size of the fallow deer. They were taken among the fastnesses of the mountains in Northern India, and are the only pair yet obtained in that country. They were disembarked by the keepers of the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—A valet, the other day, it is told, declared in a lowish betting-room, that he had serious thoughts of quitting the service of Lord ——, as he had reason to believe a letter had been *locked up* or *secreted* by his noble master, which contained the particulars of a rough trial in clothes; not that he cared for the information, but that the withdrawal of the epistle *denoted a want of confidence!* New Sporting Magazine.

STEAMERS FROM THE CLYDE TO NEW YORK.—A joint-stock company is now forming in Glasgow for carrying passengers and merchandise between the Clyde and New York, by means of an iron steam-ship of great power and capacity, to sail at the rate of at least sixteen miles an hour, thereby making a passage in about ten days, and enabling this vessel to make nearly a monthly voyage to America. The capital is to be £50,000. Glasgow Chronicle.

THE LONDON STAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO. No. 5.

VIS COMICA.

[Written for the New York Spirit of the Times.]

It must not be imagined that we lived entirely upon Tragedy and Tears, or that the Kean and Kemble mania left no place for the votaries of Thalia. Three times in each week reigned Melpomene, with her bowl and dagger, queen of the ascendant; on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, she held her court, and a brilliant one it was. On the other evenings, technically termed "the off nights," comedies, of sterling merit, wit, and interest, were enacted by greater *artistes* than were ever before collected on one stage, or, perhaps, will be again. I speak of Covent Garden, whose stock company was always superior to that of her rival, and in order to come more directly to the point, I will, as well as memory permits, cast the "School for Scandal," decidedly the best comedy in any language, as I saw it some twenty years ago:—

Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. Munden.
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. Fawcett.
Joseph Surface	Mr. Young.
Charles Surface	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. Liston.
Crabtree	Mr. Blanchard.
Moses	Mr. Farley.
Trip	Mr. Jones.
Lady Teazle	Miss O'Neill.
Mrs. Candour	Mrs. Gibbs.

Having done this, the reader will understand at once the different line of characters adopted by the actors about to be noticed.

Munden was in those days the prince of *old men;* there was a rich vein of humor, a mellow raciness in all he said and did, that struck the right chord in a moment. He had a fine musical tone in his voice, which enabled him to round off his sentences with prodigious effect, and which he always managed to increase by well-studied by-play. *Sir Peter Teazle* was not his best part; his greatest efforts were *Sir Abel Handy*, in "Speed the Plough"—*Sir Robert Bramble*, in "The Poor Gentleman"—*Don Scipio*, in "She would and She would not"—*Polonius*, in "Hamlet"—*Crack*, in "The Turnpike Gate," and *Autolycus*, in "The Winter's Tale." He was never at fault, never disappointed the public, and from some strange feeling, for which I cannot account, he would never allow any of his children to see him perform. Placide, at the Park theatre, reminds me frequently of Munden, although I conceive him to be a better actor. The latter had but one range, in which the former is quite his equal; whereas in general business, Placide has no match. He has a correctness of conception, a vigor of delineation, and a thorough self-possession, such as rarely fall to the lot of any *artiste*. He is *second only*, in old men, to William Farren; but Farren cannot play *Lord Trinket*, *Doctor Caius*, or *John Browdie*. I take leave to remark, that Mr. Placide is trifling with the extraordinary powers with which he is happily blessed. Why does he remain eternally on one spot? Is it laziness? or is it a lack of ambition? or is it a doubt of success? If the first, it is a pity; if the second, he should blush; if the third, I can assure him a most perfect triumph on the London boards, and something better than a two hundred dollar house at his benefit! I repeat, that as a general actor, he is unrivalled on any stage; therefore go, Placide,

"Go! where glory waits thee."

Fawcett was the broad, light comedian, an excellent singer, and full of bitter sarcasm in his younger days; latterly he played second old men, and shared some of those parts with Munden. He was admirable in *Ollapod*, *Caleb Quotem*, *Touchstone*, and *Doctor Pangloss*.

The part of Joseph Surface is always played by the first or second tragedian of the company. In early life John Kemble sustained it, but afterwards resigned it to Charles Young, an actor little known to the natives of this country. Young made his name on the Liverpool boards, and appeared for the first time in London at the little Haymarket theatre, during the interval of the burning and re-building of Covent Garden. His success was so eminent, that Kemble immediately engaged him to lead in plays and melo-drame, and whenever the great master was suddenly *indisposed*, *he* was always accepted as a substitute, without grumbling. He was assuredly a solid, sensible, graceful actor, ever perfect, but his imitation of the "*last of the Romans*" was, *to me*, so palpable, that I have left the theatre rather than endure the pain of witnessing the falling off. He was, in comparison with Kemble, what Moore is to Byron, or what Mrs. Bartley was to Mrs. Siddons. In five-act dramas, such as "The Foundling of the Forest," "The Æthiop," "The Stranger," "The Conquest of Taranto," "The Exile," he was without competition. His figure was good, his voice musical, and highly cultivated; he trod the stage with the ease of a proficient, and the elegance of a gentleman, never detracting from dignity, or relapsing into familiarity. Young retired from the profession in the prime of life, declaring in his valedictory speech, that he did so from a reluctance to incur the hazard of presenting his friends with tarnished metal. Kemble was well satisfied with him, but never feared him as a rival, for he always permitted him to play Hamlet, or Coriolanus, at the commencement of the season, or whenever *he* suffered from fatigue. But the two Hamlets were of widely different materials; John Kemble's was a grand oil-painting, set in a golden frame—Young's a copy, in water-colors, an excellent crayon-sketch, *en portefeuille*. Those who were not in the habit of seeing the former, were well pleased with the latter. Young was decidedly good, and never spoiled any part, but he lacked the fire of his great prototype; there was not that splendid originality, that thunder-clap of genius, delighting whilst it awed, and inflating with ecstacy whilst it harrowed into bewilderment.

Charles Surface is one of the most effervescing characters on the stage; it is sparkling champagne, disdaining the ligatures of foil, string, or wire, and never so well served up as by the inimitable Charles Kemble. He was an actor of the very first grade; his Hamlet was unquestionably the most perfect after his brother's; and in addition to its beauty, it was free from the slightest attempt at imitation; to my poor thinking, it was a master-piece. His Romeo, Jaffier, and Faulconbridge, were gems. I rather think he came to America ten years too late; he was evidently *then* in the "sear and yellow leaf;" still I doubt not that his great talents were appreciated. Like most first rate actors, he fell into the error of conceit, and imagined he could play anything; he tried Othello and Shylock—and foundered.

Blanchard, Farley, and Jones, were stock actors at Covent Garden for nearly thirty years. The last named succeeded the celebrated Lewis in the Mercutio and Lord Foppington line. He has retired from the stage without leaving any one to fill his place.

Of Miss O'Neill I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. She played Lady Teazle and Mrs. Oakley, and was very wrong for so doing.

Mrs. Gibbs was the best *soubrette* on the boards; she kept her station until she was nearly seventy years of age.

In describing comedies or comic actors, it will be conceded that it is not possible to enter deeply into the feelings; such subjects being, by common consent, merely secondary to the more lordly impulses which are awakened by dark and absorbing passion. If this be the philosophy, how different is the practice! For it is a remarkable fact that men who take no pains to suppress the loudest laughter, are ashamed of the weakness of a tear, no matter how potent the cause. At a theatre, they will smile, and laugh, and roar, at the comicality of the scene, whilst they will bite their lips, and contort the countenance, to prevent the betrayal of inward emotion; they will fairly chuckle with the broad, low comedian, but they dare not weep with her who personates the deserted child, or the oppressed widow. I do not see why this should be; laughing and crying are about upon a par—at equal distances from a quiescent state of the nerves, and may be arranged in juxta-position, thus:—

A smile	a sigh
A grin	a tear
A chuckle	a groan
A horse-laugh	a blubber
Haw! haw!! haw!!!	oh! oh!! oh!!!

These are the five divisions of cachinnatory and lachrymose excitements. There is no more shame or weakness in a hearty cry than in a hearty laugh, and I declare upon my veracity, that twenty years ago, when I was in New York, *it was a rare thing to see an American laugh outright;* he would *smile*, and probably, enjoy *inwardly*, a joke with as much *gusto* as the native of any other country, but it appeared to me that he considered laughing *infra dig*, and *laugh he did not*. It is different now, the Americans *laugh* more heartily than any other people, and what is still better, they laugh at the *proper time*.

Is it possible that I have forgotten to speak of Sir Benjamin Backbite? Truly I have; fault unpardonable, let me hasten to the atonement! Sir Benjamin Backbite by Mr. Liston! Liston, the first-born of Mr. and Mrs. Momus! It is impossible to think of him, speak of him, or write of him without a loud laugh. He was the annihilator of dulness, the destroyer of care, the beguiler of sorrow, the light, the life, the soul of any audience, matters not of what grade or condition. He had neither equal nor imitator. In broad farce (Apollo Belvi), in extravagant burlesque (Lord Grizzle), in sterling acting (Adam Brock), he convulsed his hearers without mercy. If he found the dialogue run heavily with any particular audience, he introduced some interlocutions of his own, which were sure to throw a dozen or two into hysterics. Then, what a face! Ugliness personified! Puffed cheeks and a turned up nose! If the chief-mourner at the funeral of some dear friend or relative had caught a glimpse of Liston's face *en passant*, it would have cured his grief for *that* day at least. With all his powers of creating mirth, and provoking laughter in others, he was, when at home, the dullest man imaginable, and a prey to low spirits, which frequently threatened his reason. By the persuasion of his wife, he went to the celebrated Abernethy, so well known for the *brusquerie* of his manner. Liston was ushered into the surgeon's room, and was received with a slight bow by the old cur, who was unacquainted with the name or person of his visitor.

"Sit down, sir, what ails you?" said the doctor.

Liston stated his complaint with gravity and deliberation.

"Is that all?" inquired Abernethy. "There's nothing the matter with you;—low spirits! Pooh! pooh! go to Covent Garden to-night and see Liston perform; if that has no effect, go again to-morrow, that will do it—two doses of Liston will restore a melancholy madman—there—go—go."

Liston was taken aback—tipped his guinea—and made a most theatrical exit.

L.

THE EARLY CAREER OF TALMA.

Talma was nine years of age, and I seven, when we were placed both nearly at the same time in a school at Chaillot, kept by M. Lamarguié re.

Young Talma had just arrived from London, where his father followed the profession of a dentist. M. Lamarguiere cherished a passionate taste for the dramatic art, and with this taste he inspired his pupils; but the love of dramatic representation seems to be natural to all young persons who are endowed with feeling and intelligence. Our schoolmaster, every year, set us to study the several parts of a tragedy, or a little comedy, which we performed on the day of the distribution of prizes. On our entrance at school, Talma and I were too late to obtain parts in Duclairon's *Cromwell*, which was the piece selected for that year's performance.

In the following year M. Lamarguiére, wishing to avoid those pieces which were performed at the Theatre Francais, raked up an old tragedy, called *Sinoris fils de Tamerlan*, and distributed the parts for study among the scholars. This play was the production of a Jesuit, and had been written for performance by the pupils of the college of Louis-le-Grand. To Talma was allotted the part of the brother of Sinoris, which he performed with great effect. I was to have recited about thirty lines in the character of a general of the Mogul conqueror; but a very serious fit of illness caused me to be removed from school before the day of performance arrived. I was thus deprived of the honor of appearing, at least for once, on the stage with my celebrated schoolfellow. The instinct of Talma's future vocation was already decidedly developed, and he wrote at the early age of twelve, a little piece, in which our master discerned traits of dramatic genius.

I was separated from Talma during the remainder of our boyish studies, and I did not meet him again, until his second return from England, at the latter end of the year 1781. At that time we were both at the College Mazarin, he studying logic, and I attending the classes of natural philosophy and mathematics. We met together, almost every evening, at the residence of one of our fellow-students, whom, by reason of his seniority of age, joined to his staid conduct and character, we looked upon as a sort of Mentor. This young man was named Turlin: he was preparing for the bar, and was pursuing his studies conjointly with Bellart and Bonnet, who were likewise our companions. Many of the students of the College Mazarin, who used to assemble at Turlin's little conversaziones, became, at a subsequent period, eminent in literature and science.

At the age of eighteen, Talma, who already mixed a great deal in society, was distinguished as one of the most agreeable young men in Paris. He possessed every qualification calculated to render him a favorite. A handsome person, elegant manners, without the least tinge of coxcombry, an excellent disposition, and talents highly cultivated by study. He moreover possessed an agreeable voice, and was a very pleasing singer, accompanying himself tolerably well on the guitar. He had an extensive acquaintance with French and English literature, and his exquisite perception of poetic beauty enabled him to recite with impressive effect, passages from the writings of the poets of both countries. Such brilliant talents and accomplishments, could not fail to render him an especial favorite of the fair sex. Talma readily yielded to the attractions he inspired, and his susc eptible feelings, which oftener than once suffered a severe trial, excited considerable uneasiness in the minds of his friends, myself among the rest.

We were aware that his family destined him to be a dentist, and he had obediently, though with distaste, pursued the preparatory course of study requisite for that profession. He had no disposition for any pursuit which demanded laborious application; but by encouraging his taste for poetry, the drama, and other elegant amusements, from which he derived pleasure, we hoped to rouse him from an indolence of mind into which he had sunk, and which we apprehended would prove fatal to his future welfare. All Talma's young friends were, like himself, enthusiastic admirers of the drama, and we all regularly attended the performances at the Théâtre Francais. Mademoiselle de Saint-Val, the younger Brizard, Monvel, and Larive, were our especial favorites, and they attracted us to tragic performances. Youthful minds eagerly seek the gratification of powerful emotions.

One evening, Talma and a party of us attended the performance of "Œdipe," and Larive, who played that character, was rapturously applauded. We did not enter into the general enthusiasm, and Talma, though profoundly attentive to the performance, nevertheless remarked our reserve. At the fall of the curtain, he turned to us and said, "You do not join in the approbation. For my part I have been most attentively observing the performance of 'Œdipe,' and I am decidedly of opinion that Larive does not form a just conception of the part. I know that if I were to play it, I should do it differently—quite differently!" We all applauded this opinion, it seemed to reveal the instinct of the future tragedian.

Next day Talma made Turlin the confidant of his wish to appear on the stage. This confession was made not without considerable fear and hesitation. With the most amiable qualities of heart and disposition, our young Mentor combined that purity of manners, which is the offspring of sound moral principle and religious sentiment.

Talma naturally feared he should incur the censure of Turlin, and accordingly he was very agreeably surprised to hear the following words of encouragement: "It will be much better, my dear Talma, to study seriously, and endeavor to become a great actor, if you feel that you possess the talent for it, than to waste your energies as you do, in idle and dissipated amusements."

Stimulated by this, and by still greater encouragement on the part of other friends, Talma learned and recited to us the parts of *Xiphares*, *Hippolyte*, *Egiste*, *&c.* We were pleased with his accurate conception of these characters, his graceful action and elocution. But we sought in vain for the fire of genius; he did not succeed in producing any powerful emotion. However, not wishing that he should be influenced solely by our estimate of the probable chances of his success, we recommended him to consult the opinion of some acknowledged judge of histrionic talent.

For this purpose he addressed himself to Mademoiselle de Saint-Val (Alziari de Roquefort.) She was an actress of brilliant and highly cultivated talent, and she was the favorite of our little knot of college companions. When only seventeen years of age, I had broken a lance in her cause, with the celebrated advocate, Gerbier, who was the declared partisan of Madame Vestris, the rival of Mademoiselle de Saint-Val. This lady expressed the most encouraging opinion of Talma; but, before she could form a definitive judgment, she wished to see him perform in public at one of the Theatres Bourgeois. He accordingly made his appearance at the Theatre de Doyen, and he chose for his *début* the character of *Seide*, in "Mahomet."

The following will afford an idea of the manly frankness which was a distinguishing feature in Talma's character, whilst at the same time, it shows that he was not wanting in that diffidence which almost invariably accompanies real talent. When announcing his intended *debut* to Turlin, he said, "You, and the rest of my friends, will, I hope, come and see me; for by you I wish to be judged. You are well acquainted with the works of our dramatic authors; and you are so much in the habit of witnessing theatrical performances, that you cannot fail to perceive, whether or not I understand my part, or whether I play it in a way to fix the interest of the audience. If you should not think me capable of one day or other becoming a great actor, I will not expose myself to the risk of becoming one of the crowd of second or third rate performers. I therefore demand of you, as an act of friendly service, that after having seen me perform, you will tell me honestly whether you think I have any chance, with time and study, of rising to the level of Lekain or Monvel. Your opinion shall determine my future course. I fear that Mademoiselle de Saint-Val has judged me with too much indulgence, because perhaps she perceives in me indications somewhat more promising than fall to the share of others who have appealed to her opinion."

We all attended Talma's *debut*, which to the best of my recollection took place about the year 1783. The admiration he excited was enthusiastic, and certainly there had never been witnessed on the boards of a Theatre Bourgeois, so much talent combined with physical qualifications, eminently fitted for imbodying the intelligent conceptions of a character. Unfortunately for us and Talma, we went to the theatre accompanied by involuntary prejudices. We feared that the dissipated habits in which he had recently indulged, might have had the effect of blighting the freshness of his feelings. But what was still worse, we were full of recollections of Monvel in the character of *Seide*. We all agreed, that the most powerful emotions we had ever experienced in a theatre, had been excited by the pathetic and truly sublime acting of that great tragedian in the same part. Whilst listening to the lines recited by Talma, our thoughts were filled with recollections of Monvel. We remembered his penetrating looks, his expressive gestures and action, the impassioned tones of his voice—every incident, every line of the part brought him before us, and this continual comparison, threw the *debutant* into the shade. In short, Talma failed to excite in us any emotion He seemed, if I may use the expression, to tear the passion to rags, without moving the feelings of his audience. His greatest efforts appeared to be merely an ineffectual struggle of art against nature, and they left us cold and unmoved. The remembrance of Monvel had revived all our old impressions. When we assembled together in the apartments of Turlin, our opinion was unanimous. "Judging," we said, "from the effect produced upon us by this performance, Talma appears to possess every qualification requisite to ensure his success, except the one most essential, *le feu sacré*."

But how erroneous was our judgment! The latent spark was within him, and time and study alone were wanting to rouse the sacred fire. Turlin had pledged himself to sincerity. Talma demanded his opinion, and our Mentor gave it without reserve. Talma appeared disappointed. But he reposed perfect confidence in our judgment; and firm to the resolution he had formed, he renounced the stage, in spite of the encouragement held out to him by Mademoiselle de Saint-Val. He once more applied himself to study for the profession marked out for him by his father.

Occupations totally dissimilar from those of my old college companions separated me from their society, and caused me to relinquish my hitherto frequent attendance at the theatres. Three years elapsed before I again saw Talma. About the end of the year 1787, I happened to meet M. Catty,* who informed me that Talma, by the advice of several of the most celebrated actors of the day, had determined to appeal against our judgment. He had earnestly resumed his dramatic studies, and had again appeared on the stage. I took advantage of a spare evening to go and see him. He performed *Saint-Albin* in the "Pere de Famille." I was perfectly astonished at the impressive effect produced by his performance. It was characterized from beginning to end by talent and feeling. The *feu sacre* was now plainly discernible. At the conclusion of the play, I went up to Talma's box. When he beheld me, his countenance betrayed an expression of uneasiness. I could perceive that the recollection of the judgment I had formerly pronounced upon him, at that moment occurred to his mind. I offered him my hand, which he received with friendly cordiality; but when I congratulated him on his performance, he evidently entertained some doubt of my sincerity. "You ought to know me well enough," said I, "to be assured, that if I could not offer you sincere congratulations, I would not have presented myself here." His countenance brightened up, and he requested that I would see him in the character of *Egiste* in "Merope," in which he had appeared with very great success. His conception of that character struck me as being perfect, and his manner of playing it quite original. I was delighted with his performance, in spite of my recollections of Monvel and Mole.

After Talma's first marriage, from 1791 to 1795, I maintained a regular and uninterrupted association with him. His house was the frequent resort of a chosen circle of friends, and these parties owed no small share of their attraction to Talma's amiable and accomplished wife, Julie. Chamfort, La Harpe, Charles Pougens, Mademoiselle Desgardins, and numerous other persons of distinguished talent, were his frequent guests.

Employment in the public service, removed me from Paris, as a place of permanent residence, for the space of twenty years. But, during my occasional visits to the capital, Talma was one of the friends from whom I always experienced the most cordial reception. We often dined together, either at his house or that of some mutual friend. Among our intimate companions on these occasions was Langles, the orientalist. I remember, at one of these dinners in 1804, Talma was very low-spirited; he had been vexed by the bitterness manifested against him by our former Professor Geoffroy.

We endeavoured to console him by alluding to the characters in which he had appeared with triumphant success; for example, *Cinna*, *Nicomede*, and *Nero*, in "Britannicus." At the mention of this last character, I remarked "As to *Nero*, I will not compliment you on that; for, to speak conscientiously, I thought your performance of it but indifferent. It appeared to me to be mere declamation from beginning to end."

"Bah!" exclaimed Talma; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he said, "How long is it since you saw me play that character?"

"Eight or nine years ago," I replied.

"Oh, then your observation is perfectly correct. At that time I had no idea of the character, and I did as Lekain used to do in the early part of his career, I raved like a maniac. But I have studied the part profoundly since then. Come and see me perform it, and I am sure you will admit that I have improved."

Some one present then adverted to his masterly performance of *Cinna*, on which he remarked, "It is Monvel to whom all the praise is due. It is only through his performance of *Augustus*, that I was enabled to produce effect in the character of *Cinna*. In the grand scene with him, my action drew down torrents of applause; but I merely acted under the influence of the impressions produced on me by the wonderful power of Monvel. When *Augustus* says to *Cinna*, who interrupts him,

——————"'Tu tiens mal ta promesse;
Il n'est pas temps; sieds-toi,'

I fell involuntarily into the chair, like a man struck down."

The conversation next turned on his performance of *Oreste* in "Andromaque," and high admiration was expressed of his manner of delivering the celebrated monologue, commencing,

"Que vois-je? est ce Hermione?"

I had not at that time seen him perform *Oreste*, and I requested that he would give me an idea of his style of delivering the monologue. He did so, and then turning to me said, "Do you recollect the manner in which Larive used to give it? With what an ironical tone he uttered the words—

"'Elle me redemande et son sang et sa vie.'"

"But in my opinion, *Oreste* is far from intending to convey an expression of irony. In his overwhelming despair he retraces his crimes, recals the motive which impelled him to commit them, and the reward that awaits him,—whilst he speaks sobs should impede his utterance." Then reciting, with appropriate action, the lines to which he alluded, he brought the character before us as vividly as if he had been on the stage,—we beheld Orestes stamped with the seal of fatality, and the words he uttered thrilled us with horror.

Napoleon always cherished a sincere friendship for Talma, who had known and performed some acts of service to the emperor when he was only General Bonaparte. Many anecdotes relative to Napoleon and the great Roscius are on record. The following trait was related to me by Talma himself:

One morning when he was breakfasting with the First Consul, the conversation turned on the play of the preceding evening, "La Mort de Pompée," which piece had been revived by Bonaparte's order. "You represented Cæsar admirably," said he to Talma; "but when he addresses to Ptolemy the words—

"'Connaissez-vous Cesar de lui parler ainsi, &c.,'

you appeared to me to have borrowed the tone of a club orator. Remember Cæsar was any thing but a jacobin, and when he speaks in the presence of Roman officers, what he says is official. Besides," continued he, "what is said by *such persons* (Cæsar, Mahomet, and myself, for example) is very different from what they think."

Then commenting on the actor who played the part of *Ptolemy*, he remarked that he gave too servile a colouring to the character.

"Corneille, it is true," pursued he, "has not made that prince hold a very high tone. He offers Cæsar his crown, but that is because he conceives himself forced to do so. Yet, even with humble language, it is possible to preserve a dignified bearing. He is a king, and a king, whatever he may say, never degenerates into meanness of attitude and gesticulation.". Corneille's play reminded the Consul of Egypt and the expedition. Whilst conversing with Talma on that subject, he related to him that at the first moment he set foot in Egypt, he stood for some time gazing around him in silent contemplation. Casting his eyes on the ground, his attention was arrested by an object which was lying on the sand at his feet. On picking it up, he found it to be an antique cameo; but what was his astonishment, when he discovered that the head wrought upon it presented a striking likeness to his own. "Madame Bonaparte," said he, "shall show it you one of these days, and you will be struck with the closeness of the resemblance."

At the time when Talma related this anecdote to me, he had not seen the cameo, and therefore could not appreciate the correctness of the augury it was supposed to convey.

A. DE V.

Colburn's New Monthly for May.

* Talma's cousin. He held a professorship at the cadet academy at Woolwich.

IRISH HUMORS.

Not long ago we expressed our sympathy for an old Irish woman—old, and very poor—who, in addition to her other misfortunes, had lately lost her teeth. "Time for me to lose 'em," she replied, "*when I've nothing for 'em to do.*" This is "Irish humor"—a definition in an anecdote. It arrives most rapidly at a conclusion by the pleasantest road—it accomplishes a purpose without a useless expenditure of words: it is epigrammatic and yet comprehensive; it is ambiguous, and yet easily understood; it is a picture as well as a speech: it tickles the ear; animates the fancy; and indirectly flatters an auditor by enabling him to compliment his own quickness of apprehension, in taking in the full meaning of the words. Like everything else that is Irish, it is peculiar; it is *not* a pun, or a joke, or a quiz: it is unstudied, it comes unsearched for, and uncalled for; it has an air of simplicity, and yet simplicity is not its character: it belongs more to the mind than to the tongue, and more to the heart than to either. To relish Irish humor, it is almost necessary to see it acted, as well as to hear it spoken; then, indeed, you have it in all its rich and racy perfection; the words of the Irish speaker are always illustrated, explained, and commented upon, by his looks; his merry eye winks without an effort—there is both shyness and slyness in his leer, the muscles of the mouth agitate that expressive feature into almost a smile; his very frame partakes of the drollery of his countenance—he lounges against the door-post of his cabin, one foot rests upon the instep of another—there is a mingling of entire ease, and more than half impudence, in the loose tye of his neckerchief and sit of his *cawbeen*, and when he has uttered a humorous sentence, the indescribable twist of the shoulders (the Irish substitute for the Englishman's moderate, and the Frenchman's immoderate shrug), is at once irresistible and inimitable. Imagine for a moment a rosy checked Munster man, paving rather leisurely the highway in Cheapside, and, quite unconscious of the English dignity of a shopkeeper, blocking up a tradesman's door with a heap of stones. "Take those stones away," quoth the tradesman in a fluster. "Is it the stones?" asks the Irishman; "is it the stones? Why, thin, where would you have me take 'em to?" "Take them to h——," replies the very angry citizen. "I'll take 'em to Heaven, your honor, they'll be *more out of your way there*," was Paddy's reply. Now fancy his *under* glance of self-satisfaction—the fellow's *ouvert* civility, and *covert* satire—his silent chuckle, intimated only by the least twirl of his mobile mouth, the whole finished by the never-neglected shoulder twist, as he stoops to resume his labor, and you have at once a picture of veritable Irish humor. It is indeed, as we have said, *inimitable*, as well as irresistible—the cleverest of our mimics, the most successful of our actors, the most skilful of our *raconteurs* have failed to convey of it a just and accurate notion. Mathews, although he gave poor Paddy many a generous hit, and brought large stores of pleasant character and anecdote from the "land of the West," never carried the auditor, or rather the observer, to the very sod itself; the brogue he learned to perfection, the wit he borrowed extensively, and put it out to profitable interest; but he never succeeded in catching from an Irishman the look of humor, that, as we have stated, always illustrates and explains the humor spoken. Power, beyond all question the *truest* actor of our time, does the thing far better: his laugh *is* the thing itself, but the shoulder twist he has not acquired; it is, perhaps, too slight and quiet for the stage; and Power, although he cannot but have observed it, has not, we believe, transferred the delicate touch of the original to any of his copies. But examples of Irish humor, though they may not be absolutely perfect, are rife enough, they form the staple of our joke books, and the life and spirit of Irish novels. Hundreds have been recorded, and hundreds remain unrepeated; an Irishman never blunders from stupidity, he blunders because his head has more than it can carry: he never lacks ideas, but he strings them oddly together, arriving at his conclusion by a shorter way than an Englishman would have dreamed of taking. He relishes his potatoes with a jest, and flutters his rags with merry laughter. Even Irish gentlemen at times commit themselves in the blundering style, though constant intercourse with England has somewhat flattened their wit, if it has added to their wisdom. Not long since we received a note of sympathy that we should have chosen a very unfortunate period for visiting the Irish metropolis, "when there's *nothing* to see, and *nobody* to show it." And a short time afterwards one of the riders of a steeple-chase, finding his horse boggle at a ditch (Anglice, hedge), thus addressed his steed—"Lep it now, *and I'll give you a pound note.*" Upon being subsequently questioned as to the effect of the promised bribe, he added, "And she did lep it, and fell on her *face and hands.*" Of a kin to this is the story of an Irish gentleman, who being in Paris, and not understanding French, drove to the hotel, at which, having been there before, he knew an English waiter attended. Having summoned the garcon, the following dialogue took place:—

"Waiter, bring me some gravy soup."

"Monsieur?"

"Some—gravy—soup. Will you bring me the gravy soup? Don't stand bowing and jabbering there; sure that's what I'm wanting, and not your civility."

"Monsieur, je ne com——"

"Tunder and turf, man alive! if *ye don't understand me*, can't ye *send me the man I saw when I was here last?*"

We will only give one more anecdote, to illustrate the ready wittedness of Paddy, whose humor did not forsake him even in the presence of his priest or beneath the shadow of the confessional.

Darby Kelly went to confession, and having detailed his several sins of omission and commission, to which various small penalties were attached, at last came, with a groan, to the awful fact that he had stolen his neighbor, Kitty Mahony's pig; a crime so heinous in the sight of Father Tobin, that his reverence could by no manner of means give him absolution for the same. Darby begged, and prayed, and promised, but to no effect; no penance could make atonement, no repentance could produce effect; nothing, in short, would do but restitution—that is to say, to give back her own to Kitty Mahony. But a difficulty arose, inasmuch as Darby, and Darby's "childre," had eaten up the pig. Upon which the priest waxed wroth, and threatened the rogue with evil here, and a terrible destiny hereafter. "And now hear me, ye vagabond cheat," said he, "when ye go up to stand yer trial, and find yerself among the goats (for sheep ye are not) to get yer sentence, there'll be *two* witnesses against ye—there will be Kitty Mahony that ye robbed, and the pig that ye ate—and what will you do then, ye vagabond?"

"Och, plaze yer riverence, and is it true what ye say, that Kitty Mahony *herself* will be there?"

"She will."

"And the pig I ate; will the *pig* be to the fore?"

"He will."

"Oh, thin, plaze yer riverence, if Kitty Mahony will be there, and the pig will be there, what'll hinder me from saying 'Kitty Mahony, bad luck to yer soul, *there's yer pig*;' sure won't *that* be restitution?"

Examples of Irish humor are sufficiently abundant; there is, however, another predominant quality in the Irish character, and *par consequence* in all books about Ireland, as peculiar, and as striking as the humor which abounds in both—we mean Irish Pathos. There are many melancholy aids in the country that give it birth, which naturally increase its effect; but it does not need them in the same proportion that Irish humor does;—it goes straight to the heart, while its opposite works on the imagination; it follows or precedes the jest with extraordinary rapidity—the smile bursts forth before the tear is try, but its sadness is cer ainly augmented by witnessing the causes that produce it. There is a depth of pure and holy poetry in Irish pathos which cannot be surpassed; its metaphors are appropriate, and attack our reason by the force of their beautiful simplicity. We remember once passing by an Irish cottage on the estate of an absentee landlord, whose agent had distrained for rent; the family were of the very poorest. A mother, whose husband was only recovering from the "sickness," as typhus fever is always called, staggered from beneath the doorway, not from any weakness of her own, but from her efforts to support the wreck of what had been, three years before, the finest young man in the parish. She was followed by two little children, the small remnant of her family—*three* had been carried to the grave by the disease from which the father was recovering; it was beautiful to see how that pale, thin, deep-eyed woman suffocated her own feelings with the affection she bore her husband.

"Don't cry afther the poor place, childre dear; sure the Almighty is above us all,—and this last throuble has been sent us in good time, whin there s not *so many of us to bear it.* The cowld earth is heavy enough on Kathleen, and Matty, and Michael, but the throuble of this day would be heavier—for they were made up of feeling. Sure, my darlings, if there's power given the landlord now, he'll not be our landlord in the world above! The Lord be praised for that same! Don't cry afther the pigs, Ellen, avourneen, what signifies it? May the little boy take the cat itself, sir?" addressing the half-tipsy man who had taken the inventory of the contents of their miserable cabin. "Never heed it, my darlint, though to be sure it's only natural to like the dawshy cat that lay in his bosom all the time of his sickness. Keep up, Michael," she whispered to her husband, who, overpowered by illness and mental suffering, resisted her efforts to drag him into the high road; he glared upon the bailiff with the glare of a famished tiger, famished that it has not the power to spring upon its foe, impotent in all but the fierce and racking thirst for blood. "What signifies it? sure we'll be happier—by and by," she added, while the haggard smile upon her lips was the bitter mockery of hope. "Come away, Michael, I wonder that you wouldn't be above letting the likes of them, *without a heart*, see that you care about them, or their goings on. Oh, where's your pride gone—that, and the silence together, put many a throuble over us that's known only to ourselves and the Almighty;—blessed He is! *He knows the throubles of the poor, and keeps their secrets.* Come away, Michael, and don't let them tame nagurs see that it's the *woman* that puts courage in ye!"

But the peasant heeded her not—the home affections were tugging at his heart. He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants of the furniture of his once comfortable cottage, that were dragged out previous to being carried away; he pointed to the potato kish which was placed upon the table—that indispensable article in which the potatoes are thrown when boiled, and which frequently, in the wilder and less c vilized parts of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the "babby." "God bless you," he exclaimed to the man; "God bless you, and don't take that—it's *nothing but a kish*, it's not worth half a farthing to ye, it's falling to pieces—but it's more to me, homeless and houseless as I am, *than thousands*:—*it's nothing but a kish*, but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—has slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his little sister *had not gone among the bright stars of heaven*, but were here to watch over him:—*it's nothing but a kish*—yet many a time little Kathleen crowed, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy:—*it's nothing but a kish*—yet many a day, *in the midst of my slavery*, have I, and my wife, and five as beautiful children *as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom*—sat round it, and eat the praytie and salt out of it, fresh and wholesome;—and whin I had my *six blessings* to look on, it's little I cared for *the slavery a poor Irishman* is born to;—*it's nothing but a kish*—but it's been with me full, and it's been with me empty, for many a long year, *and it's used to me—it knows my throubles*—for since the bed was sould from under us, for the last gale, what else had we to keep our heads from the cowld earth? For the love of the Almighty God, have mercy on a poor, weak, houseless man—don't take the last dumb thing he cares for—*sure it's nothing but a kish.*"

No matter for the insignificance of the object, the pathos of this is felt at once; it is hardly necessary to describe the scene, or the actors therein—the words carry their own meaning with them. The trust of the poor Irish in the protecting care of the Almighty is uppermost in all their troubles; their faith

in His wisdom is never shaken. When tried in a manner that would drive a Frenchman to his charcoal, and an Englishman to the river or the rope, we have seen Paddy's eyes—eyes that have ceased to feel the luxury of tears—uplifted to heaven, and heard him murmur, "Well to be sure, His will be done—He sent the sore trouble on us, but His will be done!"

That the country and its condition are improved we do not deny—that the state of the peasant, in particular districts, is improved, we admit; and Ireland and her peasantry are under great obligations to the present ministry, especially Lords Normanby and Morpeth, for many praiseworthy, and to a certain extent, successful efforts for their amelioration; but there has been next to nothing done as yet to enable the oppressed Irish peasant to stand erect in the image of his Maker, and receive the fair value of his labour and his intellect. When this is done throughout Ireland and England, the Irish and the English labouring classes will be "satisfied;" they would be unworthy of the lands of their birth and of the throbbing heart of manhood were they satisfied without it.

During a country stroll in one of the great *bohreens*, or little bridle roads, that intersect the country, we came, not long ago, most unexpectedly upon a love-making young couple, seated on the trunk of an old tree. It was the hour of early mass, and Phelim and Peggy should have been there, instead of love-making. Phelim had a self-confident, roguish aspect, that we did not quite like; but then he appeared very much in earnest, and that was something: the girl had the sweet, confiding look, which goes straight to the heart of an honourable man. "Where's the good, Phelim," she answered, to one of those appeals made with all the full, rich sweetness of the *soft* Irish brogue, interspersed with that delicious *cushla machreeing* which the translation—"*pulse of my heart*"—but feebly expresses; "where's the good of feeding up a poor girl, like myself, *that never saw the sunshine of a mother's smile?* Where's the good, Phelim, *of feeding her up with false music?*"

The womanly helplessness of the picture is perfected by the observation of the girl "who never saw the sunshine of a mother's smile;" and the comparison of love-making to "false music" is exquisite.

It may be as well to add, that the following Sunday, after mass, we met Peggy, blushing to be sure, but leaning with the self-satisfied propriety and confidence of a bride upon the arm of her Phelim, whose music now had not a false note in it.

We remember reading somewhere of a youth—a mere boy—who had laboured long and hard "to keep," as he expressed it, "the life in his ould grandfather," who, old as he was, was his only living relative. At last the poor man died. Some would have said it was well that the young man was at last freed from his incumbrance: but the youth only felt he had lost the last thing in the world that loved him; and kneeling by the side of the humble bier, he rocked backwards and forwards, exclaiming,—"*Ahir vick machree! Vick machree! Wuil thu marra wo'um? Wuil thu marra wo'um?*"—"Father, son of my heart! Son of my heart! Art thou dead from me? Art thou dead from me?" This is a picture of intense domestic sorrow! lonely, elevated, and sublime in its simplicity. London and Westminster Review.

GORHAMBURY RACES.

These races, of which we have recently spoken so frequently, took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, under circumstances of encouragement which promises to make them the most popular, with the exception of Epsom and Ascot, of any that occur in the neighborhood of London; for, independent of the magnificent natural attractions of the course, which is situated in the Park of the Earl of Verulam, the amount and character of the stakes are such as must secure, as they did on the present occasion, the competition of horses of the highest quality. It will be recollected that this is the second year of the removal of St. Albans races from No Man's Land to this locality—a change for which the inhabitants of the surrounding country have to thank the Earl of Verulam, whose desire thus to promote the interest and pleasure of his neighbors must entitle him to their lasting gratitude. There is not, we believe, in the kingdom a race-course presenting so many features of attraction as that of Gorhambury. The splendid scenery by which it is surrounded—the excellence of the turf—the judicious arrangement of the sports—the luxuriant and romantic features of the different approaches—all combine to enhance the obligations which are due to the "good old Earl" for merging all selfish considerations in the desire to promote the happiness of those less blessed with the means of following so excellent an example—a spirit which we heartily pray may be diffused more generally throughout the kingdom—and which is not less prominently displayed by his Lordship in the establishment of a cricket-ground within sight of his mansion, second to none in the county, and on which his sons afford the most zealous encouragement to this manly and invigorating game, among all classes

The weather, both on Tuesday and Wednesday, was most propitious, and the throng of carriages of every description, filled with gay and happy groups, which dashed along the roads from all points of the compass to the appointed spot, presented a lively and cheerful spectacle. The ancient town of St. Albans was especially crowded from its proximity to the Park (a distance of two miles and a half), and the postmasters and others who usually derive profits from such assemblages had every reason to be pleased with the ample harvest which they had thus early the opportunity of reaping. The rich verdure which every where met the eye—the foliage bursting into luxuriance—and the gay blossoms of the fruit-trees—all tended to the diffusion of pleasure, and to render the festival doubly gratifying. On entering the Park from the gate next St. Albans, the race-course was perceived on a gentle elevation to the right, backed by a splendid range of forest trees, and in front displaying a lovely view of undulating Park scenery—here studded with clumps of trees, the growth of ages, and there a wide expanse of velvet turf, on which numerous herds of deer were seen exhibiting all that timidity which the invasion of their quiet retreats seemed to justify. A little to the right was the mansion of the noble owner, in whose family it has been since the fall of Sir Thomas Meautys, the Secretary of Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, by whom it was conveyed to him, and from whose heirs it passed by sale into the family of the Grimstons. We have not space, however, to describe the charming *coup d'œil* which thus gives grace to the locality, and which to be appreciated must be seen. At the termination of the course, nearest the entrance to the Park, was raised the winning-post and stewards' stand, behind which was a convenient weighing room; beyond was the grand or betting-stand, with a succession of strong posts, with ropes, an intermediate space in front of the carriages being preserved for the pedestrians—a precaution observed on both sides—and the lines of carriages were scarcely more numerous on one side than the other. Hundreds of horsemen filled up the interstices, and by their occasional rapid movements added much to the animation of the spectacle as they dashed from one point of interest to the other. Among others whom we recognised, and many of whom partook of the hospitalities of Gorhambury House, were the Dukes of Beaufort and Rutland; Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter; Earl and Countess of Albemarle, Earl of Jersey, Earl of March, Earl of Chesterfield, Count Bathyany; Lords G. Bentinck, Grimston, Villiers, J. Fitzroy, Maidstone, Andover, Ongley, and Craven; Honorables H. Rous, G. Anson, G. Byng, J. Villiers, E. Grimston, G. Ongley, S. Herbert, and J. Grimston; Sir D. Baird; Colonel Peel, Colonel Bouverie, Captain Bentinck; Messrs. Greville, Ricardo, Worrall, F. Crommelin, J. Bayly, Hunter, J. Stanley, Nevill, Payne, H. Aston, Shelley, Brand, Etwall, Dolphin, Irby, Codrington, Archer Burton, besides nearly all the principal families resident in the neighborhood. Many came in carriages and four, and other splendid equipages; and it was gratifying to observe the zeal and anxiety displayed by the Earl of Verulam and his sons to secure the preservation of order and the general gratification of the visitors. The Countess of Verulam and some of the younger branches of her family were seated in their carriage, close to the grand stand. A detachment of the London police was in attendance, and by their activity the course was admirably kept during every race. What added much to the delighful effect of the scene was the promenade between the races, to which the delightful state of the turf was particularly inviting, and which reminded us of that peculiar and most desirable feature in the meeting at Ascot. We ought to state that the course is divided into six different lengths, viz.: the Verulam, 3 miles; the Fir Clump in, about 2 miles; the Stand Course (from the winning post out and in), about two miles; the Lime Kiln in, about 1½ mile; the Cherry Tree Course, a mile and a yard; and the T.Y.C., five furlongs and 126 yards; with every one of which the jockeys expressed themselves fully satisfied, presenting neither difficulty nor impediment. The stewards were the Earl of Verulam, Lord Villiers, and W. R. Phillimore, Esq., Mr. Coleman performing the duties of clerk of the course. The office of judge was entrusted to Mr. Cotton, Lord Verulam's stud groom, who executed his duties in the most satisfactory manner. Of racing, which will be found hereafter described, there was abundance, and it was as good as it was abundant. The Gorhambury Stakes excited very general interest, and realized the winner at least £800. If we have any suggestion to offer in the way of improvement it is, that the periods fixed for starting should be more punctually observed, as on Tuesday the sport did not finish till seven o'clock, previous to which time many of the most respectable visitors had departed.

The Birmingham trains brought down a considerable accession of company to Watford, from whence they were conveyed to and from the course by omnibuses, flys, and post carriages, for which there was a sufficient call. Many persons were here also met by their own conveyances, which had been sent down the previous day, to be in readiness, and by these means, although the distance to and from the park was little less than 50 miles, parties were enabled to leave London at eleven in the forenoon, witness all the sport, and get back in Euston-square at half-past eight.

TUESDAY, May 7.

The *Ladies' Plate* of £50, for maiden horses; three yr. olds to carry 7st; four, 8st 11lb five, 9st 6lb; six and aged, 9st 10lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs, if demanded, &c.; Fir Clump in.

Mr. G. Dockeray's b. c. Guardsman, 4 yrs	Butler	1
Mr. Brand's ch. g. Borak, 6 yrs	Sly	2

The following horses also started, but were not placed:—
Mr. Sawyer's b. m. Tittletattle, 4 yrs, (Perrin)
Mr. Whittington's br. m. Sister to Uncle Bob, by Falcon, 6 yrs, (Brick)
Mr. Ongley's br. g. Lilliputian, 6 yrs, hf. bd. (Morgan)
Mr. V. King's b. c. Harmodius, by Augustus, out of Lady Henry by Orville, 3 yrs, (A lad)
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Olive, 4 yrs, (W. Coleman)
Mr. G. Cowley's b. g. Spangle, 4 yrs, hf. bd. (Macdonald)

All the betting we heard was 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst. Guardsman; in fact, so little was known of the horses, and so much was the attention of speculators confined to the Gorhambury Stakes, that no one in the betting stand seemed to care about the race. Olive went away with the lead, followed by Lilliputian, with the ruck well up; they kept this order to the sweep into the straight run in (more than a mile in length), when the lot closed, Olive still heading it; about half a mile from home, Borak took the lead, with the Tittletattle and Guardsman in attendance, the latter waiting till he reached the distance, where he went in front, kept there to the end, and won cleverly by a very honest length. Tittletattle was three or four lengths astern of Borak, Sister to Uncle Bob fourth, and Harmodius fifth.

The *Gorhambury Stakes*, a subscription of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft, with 50 added by the fund; the winner of the 2000gs. stakes, and the winner of the Newmarket stakes to carry 7lb; the winner of the 1000gs. stakes, 5lb extra; Fir Clump in; 83 subs, 61 of whom declared.

Mr. Coleman's Calmuck, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb	W. Coleman	1
Capt. Williamson's Mervan, 5 yrs, 7st 3lb	Nat	2

The following also started, but were not placed:—
Mr. V. Kingston's Ruby, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb (Sly)
Mr. Worrall's Antler, 3 yrs, 5st (Howlett)
Mr. Foster's Combat, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb (W. Saddler)
Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, 5 yrs, 7st 11 lb (Mann)
Mr. Meiklam's Wee Willie, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (Cartwright)
Mr. J. Garrard's Cornborough, 5 yrs, 7st 3lb (Balchin)
Mr. Bond's Voluptuary, 5 yrs, 7st (W. Boyce)
Mr. Shelley's Paraquay, 4 yrs, 7st (Wakefield)
Lord Albemarle's Bullcalf, 4 yrs, 6st 11 lb (Cotton)
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb (A lad)
Mr. Theobald's Caligula, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb (A lad)
Capt. Pearson's David Gellatsly, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb (A lad)
Hon. A. Villier's Hahneman, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb (A lad)
Mr. Dockeray's Brush, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb (A lad)
Mr. Curwen's Isabella (late Maid of Hertford), 4 yrs, 6st 4lb (A lad)
Mr. E. V. Fox's Taunton, 3 yrs, 6st (A lad)

Betting at starting.—5 to 1 against Adrian (taken), 6 to 1 against Hahneman (taken), 8 to 1 against Ruby, 8 to 1 against Antler (taken), 12 to 1 against Taunton, 12 to 1 against Combat, 12 to 1 against Calmuck, 15 to 1 against Wee Willie, 15 to 1 against Bullcalf, and 18 to 1 against Mervan. Owing to the absence of several of the principal jockeys at Chester races, there was an unusual number of lads in this Derby-like field, and in the early part of the race they forcibly reminded their more experienced companions of Lady Macbeth's speech to the company in the banquet scene—"Stand not on the *order of your going*, but go at once;" they certainly did *not* stand on the order, but went at once, "the whole boiling of them," as a bystander observed, being in front. Antler led this juvenile division at a good pace, Dædalus lying with him, but the whole tribe so closely arrayed that it would be absurd to assign positions; they kept in this order to the bend into the straight course, where the lot opened, and gave the heavy weights an opportunity of seeing before them; accordingly Calmuck, Combat, and Mervan were soon in the front. Hahneman took up the running a mile from home, followed by Antler, Calmuck, Mervan Ruby, Combat, &c., nor did any fresh movement take place till within a quarter of a mile of the chair, where Hahneman died away. The lead was immediately taken by Calmuck, followed closely by Mervan, with Ruby behind, pulling hard; about a distance from home Mervan challenged Calmuck, and made so good a fight of it that, although he could not quite reach him, he made the finish so fine that Calmuck carried off the stake by a neck only; Ruby was an indifferent third, and Antler fourth; the ruck was well up. About 200 yards from home Calmuck hung so to the rails, that Mervan, who was running inside, was driven close to them; Ruby, who had been next to Mervan, was just beaten, or he must have gone over or through them. Combat, looking amazingly well at the time, broke down in dropping the hill, from the excessive hardness of the ground. Calmuck, who has size, power, and soundness to recommend him, has already attracted the attention of foreigners. The race was run in 3:41. Value of the stakes, £865.

The *Ladies' Stakes*, a subscription of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the fund; thorough bred horses to carry 7lb extra; gentlemen riders; free for any horses, carrying 11 st 10lb each; the second horse to receive back his stake; heats; Cherry Tree in; 9 subs.

Mrs. Theobold's Paulina, aged	Mr. Curwen	1	1
Mrs. Phillimore's Harold, aged	Mr. Webber	2	2
Mrs. Parris' br. h. Ruby	Mr. Simmons	3	dr
Lady Verulam's b. m. Bertha	Mr. Beauchamp	0	3
Lady Craven's b. m. Victoria	Mr. Saddler	0	dr
Lady Mary Grimston's b. g. Lilliputian, hf. bred, 6 yrs	Mr. Ongley	0	dr
Mrs. Isted's b. m. Eva, 5 yrs, hf. bd.	Mr. Cowley	0	dr

First heat: Even, and 5 to 4 agst. Ruby, 4 to 1 agst. Harold, and 5 to 1 agst. Victoria; Paulina made all the running, was never headed, and won in a canter.—Second heat: Even on Paulina, and 3 to 1 agst Harold; the race was run and won in precisely the same manner as the first heat.

The *Reserve Plate* of 50 sovs. for all ages; three year olds, 7st; four, 8st 7lb; five, 9st; six and aged, 9st 5lb; a winner at any one time to carry 3lb; twice, 5lb extra; maiden horses allowed 4lb; mares and geldings 3lb; the winner to be sold for £200 if demanded, &c.; one sov. entrance, to go to the second horse; Fir Clump in, heats.

Mr. Parr's ch. h. Malton, 5 yrs	Owner	1	1
Mr. Shepherd's br. f. Tenebrosa, 3 yrs	Balchin	2	2
Mr. Theobalb's ch. c. Caligula, 4 yrs	Butler	3	3
Mr. Coleman's ch. c. Kensington, 4 yrs	Coleman	0	dr
Mr. Brand's ch. g. Borak, aged	Sly	0	dr
Mr. Turner's ch. g. Sir Felix, aged	H. May	0	dr
Mr. Robert's b. m. Bustle, 4 yrs	Macdonald	0	dr

Caligula cut out the work to the cords, where Malton went by him, with Tenebrosa at his heels, kept her there, and won easy. In the second heat Malton waited on Tenebrosa more than half way up to the distance, when she gave up, and he ran in an easy winner

A *Match* for 50 sovs., h. ft., owners to ride—Mr. Bruce's gr. g. The Miller, aged, 12st 3lb, agst. Mr. Webber's b. g. Harold, aged, 11st 10lb.—Harold walked over.

WEDNESDAY, May 8.

The *Town Plate* of £50, one sov. entrance, to go to the second horse; three year olds 7st; four, 8st 7lb; five, 9st; six and aged, 9st 5lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; maiden horses at the time of starting, 4lb; the winner to be sold for £200; Fir Clump in, heats.

Mr. G. Dockeray's b. c. Guardsman, 4 yrs	Butler	4	1	1
Mr. Shepherd's br. f. Tenebrosa, by The Saddler	Balchin	1	2	2
Mr. Parr's b. m. The Howdy, 5 yrs	Owner	2	4	3
Mr. Adams's f. Anne, 4 yrs	Sly	3	3	dr
Mr. Ongley's b. f. Harriet, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs	A lad	5	dr	

First Heat.—Betting: Even on Guardsman, and 2 to 1 agst Anne. Tenebrosa, followed by Anne and The Howdy, made running to the top of the hill, where Harriet ran out; here The Howdy took it up and remained in front till near the cords; here the filly went up, raced with him to the stand, defeated him, and ran past the chair a length in front. Guardsman did not run for the heat.—Second heat: Even on Tenebrosa, who again cut out the work, Guardsman waiting on her till she was half way up the ropes, when he challenged, beat her after a very short struggle, and won cleverly.—Third heat: Seven to four on Guardsman, who made all the running to the distance, where the filly headed him, and, having the best of the speed, kept her length in front till within twenty strides of the chair, where she tired, and enabled the horse to win cleverly. The Howdy was a good third.

The *Verulam Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for three yr. olds, 6st 7lb, and four, 8st 3lb; the second horse to receive back his stake; the Verulam course, about three miles; 11 subs.

Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, 4 yrs	Boyce	1
Mr. Worral's Antler, 3 yrs	Cotton	2
Lord Chesterfield's c. by Starch or Mulatto, out of Young Petuaria, 3 yrs	Frances	3
Mr. Coleman's Bristolian, 4 yrs	Coleman	4
Mr. Curry's Kensington, 4 yrs	Wakefield	5

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Antler, 3 to 1 agst. Lord Chesterfield's colt, 3 to 1 agst. Dædalus, and 3 to 1 agst. Bristolian. Kensington took the lead, with Bristolian and Dædalus behind him, and kept it to the last mile, when the lot got so level that it was difficult to say which had the best of it; they kept "close order" to the distance, when Dædalus went to the front, followed by Antler, kept there to the end, and won by nearly a length; two or three lengths separated the others.

The *Kingsbury Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the fund; 12st each; gentlemen riders; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded; the Stand Course; 8 subs

Mr. Parr's ch. h. Malton, 5 yrs	Owner	1
Mr. Webber's b. g. Harold, aged	Owner	2

The following also started, but were not placed:—
Mr. Coleman's b. m. Victoria, 6 yrs (Becher)
Mr. Armstrong's br. g. Colverstown (Owner)
Mr. Anderson's b. h. Vandyke, aged (Oliver)
Mr. J. Bishop's gr. g. Pilot (Owner)
Mr. Nightingale's b. m. Ada, aged (Owner)

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Colverstown, 2 to 1 agst. Malton, and 4 to 1 agst. Vandyke. Colverstown went away with a good lead, Harold second, and Vandyke at the latter's quarters; they kept in these positions to the straight running, where Harold and Victoria joined the front rank, Malton lying about a length and a half behind; a distance and a half from home he shot by the lot, and with Harold at his tail made the rest of the play, and won by a length easy. To add to the sport, Oliver and Becher, although three or four lengths behind Harold, made a capital race for third; the Judge decided it to be a dead heat, but each swore that he won by a "head."

A *Handicap* of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added; T.Y.C.; 7 subs.

Mr. Balchin's b. m. Launch-away, by Tarrare, dam by Waxy, grandam by Granicus, out of Alladine's dam, 4 yrs, 8st	Wakefield	1
Mr. Blythe's ch. h. Meteor, 6 yrs, hf. bd., 7st 5lb	A lad	2

The following also started, but were not placed:—
Mr. White's b. f. Susan, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (Cotton)
Mr. Sutton's b. m. Peasedorf, 6 yrs, hf. bd., 8st 7lb (West)
Mr. Parr's ch. h. Malton, 6 yrs, 9st (Owner)
Mr Theobald's b. m. Paulina, aged, 8st 11 lb (Coleman)

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Launch-away, 3 to 1 agst. Paulina, and 3 to 1 agst. any other. Malton made strong running to the cords, where Launch-away took the lead from her, and won in a canter. There was one false start.

A *Match* for 100 sovs., h. ft.; gentlemen riders; 12st 4lb each; the Fir Clump in.

Mr. Sutton's b. m. Peasedorf	Mr. Box	1
Mr. Blythe's ch. h. Meteor	Owner.	2

The winner had it all his own way from the beginning.

Bell's Life in London, May 12.

"COACHES TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD."

AN ANECDOTE OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

'Tis now some five or six years past, that we were standing together at a front window of "The George," at Grantham, where we had slept on our way to Doncaster, when the grandiloquent announcement of "Coaches to all parts of the world," displayed in great gold letters, on a little office opposite to the inn, caught his keen eye. In a moment he directed our attention to the obtrusive notice; then pulling a face which instantly transformed him into a wizened little Frenchman of "the old regime," hurried down stairs and crossed the street, we followed to enjoy the fun.

There were several individuals of the genus Cadger lounging about the office, when "Monsieur" shuffled in, and, with a low bow to the book-keeper, explained that he "visht ver mush to go too pla-ace."

"Two places—certainly, sir—how far?"

"Non, non! non no too pla-ace, but von pla-ace—two sta-age."

"Oh! one place, two stages.—Inside, five shillings; out, three and sixpence."

"Non, non!" reiterated Monsieur, angrily. "Rite me in de book for Timboctoo."

"Tim what, sir?" asked the Jack in office.

"Timboctoo," answered his tormentor.

"Timboc—Timboc—well, I never heard of such a place down this road. Did thee, Jack?" turning to the nearest cad.

"Preaps it's only his forrunneering pronunsiation," suggested Jack.

"Timboc—Timboc"—repeated the official, running his finger up and down the index of a dog's-eared book of roads.

"What county is it in, sir?" inquired he, at last, looking up with seriousness which had nearly upset our gravity.

"Countee! Sacre bleu!—Vat you vant vid countee?—I vant to go too Timboctoo——grate citee in de var center midil intarior of Afreecar. Bah! countee!"

"Africa!" cried the office-keeper.

"Hafiricker!" shouted the cads.

"Afrecar," repeated Monsieur.

"Bob doesn't run no coaches on that line o' road now, sir," chimed in grinning Jack, nudging his fellow cads, who chuckled all like choking hens.

"Then, vat for vy yoo put up dere de 'Coaches to all part of de world'—eh?"—exclaimed the pseudo-Frenchman in a towering passion, whilst the poor office-keeper seemed dumb-founded, and the cads roared out. "Yoo say dat yoo vil take me to' Timboctoo—dat you vil take me dere if I vil go.—Vel, I vil go, and you vil take me—you vil—I vil—I vil—you vont." And he went on smothering his victim in the very vehemence of abuse, and leaving him in a state of ludicrous embarrassment which was in nowise lessened by the uproarious laughter of his pals, and evident enjoyment of a crowd of listeners, whom his passionate expostulation had brought to the door. Sporting Review.

IRISH CONVERSATION.

"Mrs. Reilly, jewell, the top of the morning to you. And how is it wid you, ma'am?"

"The better of seeing you this blessed morning, Mrs. Driscoll, darling. And how's the man that owns you?"

"Hearty but weak, like kitchen broth."

"How's the chilthur?"

"Don't ax me. Surely the whole boiling of them were going to be turned out last quarter as naked as they were born. Cromwell's luck to the one-eyed thief of the world that was going to murther the fatherless crathurs."

"Och! and who was the kidnapping villain?"

"Hould your whisht, and I'll tell you. I was standing on the stips of the cillar, tying my PRASKEEN, when Mr. Foyle, the tax-gatherer, comes up, as impudent as if the whole street belonged to him. 'How are you, Mrs. Driscoll?' says he. 'Yes, Sir,' says I, as if I wasn't minding him, for I knew what he wanted. 'Mrs. Driscoll,' says he, 'I'm come for the taxes.' 'More power to your elbow, Sir,' says I, warding him off a little at first. 'There's two gales due, ma'am,' says he. 'Is there, Sir?' says I. 'Well,' says he, looking at me as if he'd look me through, 'are you going to pay me?' 'Pay you, Sir,' says I, 'do you think I'm a robber? Where do you think a poor struggling widow like me would get the money to pay you.' 'Oh, that won't do, Mrs. Driscoll,' says he, colouring up to the gills, 'bekase,' says he, 'they're the King's taxes, and what am I to say to the King when he comes to the fore for his money?' 'Say what you like,' says I, 'and welcome, the King isn't so mane sparated as to be beholden to the likes of me—for his livin.' 'Oh, that's mighty well,' says he; 'but the King won't wait any longer, and if you don't pay me, I must distrain you.' 'You must what, Sir,' says I. 'I must distrain you, Mrs. Driscoll,' says he, wiping his mouth with a pocket handkerchief as yallow as a kite's claw. 'Distrain me, Sir,' says I, 'Is it such a dirty tax-gatherer for to offer to distrain me? I'm a dacent woman, Sir,' says I, 'the mother of nine chilthur, and no man shall distrain me, Sir,' says I, 'let alone such as you. Don't let me see you daar to come near me. I'm sure your father was a musician, for you look as if you were walking on two German flutes, and you're so crooked in body that, God help us, if you swallowed a twelvepenny nail you'd convart it into a corkscrew. Distrain me! och murder! murder! Boys, is this the way I'm to be treated?' With that he says, 'Mrs. Driscoll,' says he, 'you mistake my manin entirely—its seizing the furniture I mane!' 'And why did'nt you say so at once?' says I, 'instead of squinting at me with your swivel eye, and bad CESS to you.' 'Ma'am,' says he, spaking me fair, 'I must take the furniture for the taxes; its my duty I'm doing, Mrs. Driscoll.' 'Oh, then, Mr Foyle,' says I, 'you're kindly welcome to the two stools and the settle-bed, and the noggins and the pitcher—and that's the whole inventory—for I haven't as much money as'd pay turnpike for a walking stick. Come down the ladder, Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'and I'm sorry it isn't a coach and six for your sake.' Upon the word, he was followin me down, when I just turned round, and says I, 'Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'its rasonable I should tell you that three of the poor chilthur are in the typhus, and may be a gentleman like you would be afeard of it, us poor crathurs are used to it.' 'In the typhus, Mrs. Driscoll!' says he, jumping back like a garden thrush, 'are you sure it's the typhus?' 'Oh, come down, Sir,' says I, 'and make your mind asy.' 'Not to-day, ma'am,' says he; 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Driscoll, for troubling you; I'll come another time;' and with that he ran away for the bare life. I never saw him since. Devil a typhus was below, Mrs. Reilly, no more nor there is at the bottom of the sea.'"

A Lady in want of a Husband.

The following advertisement appeared in an evening paper some time back, and we are induced to copy and preserve it for a rarity:—

"MATRIMONY.—A Lady, tremblingly alive to the impropriety of this address, is nevertheless compelled, from the family discomforts she now endures, to adopt this method of obtaining a friend and protector; and she is quite certain, that a candid explanation of her situation will excuse, with a liberal mind, this apparently indecorous appeal. The Advertiser has been married, is middle-aged, of pleasing appearance, highly educated and accomplished; but, she flatters herself, the regulation of her heart and mind exceed all outward recommendation: her income is very small, and only just sufficient to enable her to make the appearance of a gentlewoman. The being she is desirous of looking up to for happiness, must be, by birth, far above the middling class of society; and all professions, except the Church, the Army, or Navy, will be objected to; about forty, but not under that age; very tall, of gentleman-like appearance, and possessing that polish, and those habits, that are only to be acquired in good company; of an unimpeached, moral, respectable, and honourable character, fond of retirement and domestic life. Fortune not being the object of the Advertiser, she requires his income only to be equal to his own wants; and she will never lessen it. As the most serious and painful causes have occasioned this address, it is earnestly solicited that no one will reply to it from curiosity or amusement; and persons who seek fortune, connexions, or any other worldly advantage, will only be disappointed by noticing it; but should it meet the eye of a being whose mind is sufficiently cultivated to consider a well-born, elegant, and accomplished companion, and sincere friend, the first treasure in life, from such she will be glad to hear; and real names and address will be considered a pledge of sincerity that will not be abused. Letters must be post paid, and addressed to O. P. Q., Twopenny Post-office, Blandford-street, Portman-square."

CATHERINE: A STORY.

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR.

At that famous period of history, when the seventeenth century (after a deal of quarrelling, king-killing, reforming, republicanizing, restoring, re-restoring, play-writing, sermon-writing, Oliver Cromwellizing, Stuartizing, and Orangizing, to be sure) had sunk into its grave, giving place to the lusty eighteenth; when Mr. Isaac Newton was a tutor of Trinity, and Mr. Joseph Addison commissioner of appeals; when the presiding genius that watched over the destinies of the French nation had played out all the best cards in his hands, and his adversaries began to pour in their trumps; when there were two kings in Spain employed perpetually in running away from one another; when there was a queen in England, with such rogues for Ministers as have never been seen, no, not in our own day; and a general, of whom it may be severely argued, whether he was the meanest miser or the greatest hero in the world; when Mrs. Masham had not yet put Madame Marlborough's nose out of joint; when people had their ears cut off for writing very meek political pamphlets; and very large full-bottomed wigs were just beginning to be worn with powder; and the face of Louis the Great, as his was handed in to him behind the bed-curtains, was, when issuing thence, observed to look longer, older, and more dismal daily * * *

About the year *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five*, that is, in the glorious reign of Queen Anne, there existed certain characters, and befel a series of adventures, which, since they are strictly in accordance with the present fashionable style and taste; since they have been already partly described in the "Newgate Calendar;" since they are (as shall be seen anon) agreeably low, delightfully disgusting, and at the same time eminently pleasing and pathetic, may properly be set down here.

And though it may be said, with some considerable show of reason, that agreeably low and delightfully disgusting, have already been treated both copiously and ably, by some eminent writers of the present (and, indeed, of future) ages; though to tread in the footsteps of the immortal FAGIN, requires a genius of inordinate stride, and to go a-robbing after the late though deathless TURPIN; the renowned JACK SHEPPARD (at present in monthly numbers, an ornament to society); or the embryo DUVAL, may be impossible, and not an infringement, but a wasteful indication of ill-will towards the eighth commandment, though it may, on the one hand, be asserted, that only vain coxcombs would dare to write on subjects already described by men really and deservedly eminent; on the other hand, that these subjects have been described so fully, that nothing more can be said about them; on the third hand (allowing, for the sake of argument, three hands to one figure of speech), that the public has heard so much of them, as to be quite tired of rogues, thieves, cutthroats, and Newgate altogether;—though all these objections may be urged, and each is excellent, yet we intend to take a few more pages from the Old Bailey calendar, to bless the public with one more draught from the Stone Jug:*—yet a-while to listen, hurdle-mounted, and riding down the Oxford-road, to the bland conversation of Jack Ketch, and to hang with him round the neck of his patient, at the end of our and his history. We give the reader fair notice, that we shall tickle him with a few such scenes of villany, throat-cutting, and bodily suffering in general, as are not to be found, no, not in ——; never mind comparisons, for such are odious.

In the year 1705, then, whether it was that the Queen of England did feel seriously alarmed at the notice, that a French prince should occupy the Spanish throne; or whether she was tenderly attached to the Emperor of Germany; or, whether she was obliged to fight out the quarrel of William of Orange, who made us pay and fight for his Dutch provinces; or, whether poor old Louis Quatorze did really frighten her; or whether Sarah Jennings and her husband wanted to make a fight, knowing how much they should gain by it;—whatever the reason was, it was evident that the war was to continue, and there was almost as much soldiering and recruiting, parading, pike and gun-exercising, flag-flying, drum-beating, powder-blazing, and military enthusiasm, as we can all remember in the year 1801, what time the Corsican upstart menaced our shores. A recruiting party and captain of Cutts's regiment (which had been so mangled at Blenheim the year before), were now in Warwickshire; and having their depot at Warwick, the captain and his attendant, the sergeant, were used to travel through the country, seeking for heroes to fill up the gaps in Cutts's corps,—and for adventures to pass away the weary time of a country life.

Our Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite (it was at this time, by the way, that those famous recruiting officers were playing their pranks in Shrewsbury), were occupied very much in the same manner with Farquhar's heroes. They roamed from Warwick to Stratford, and from Stratford to Birmingham, persuading the swains of Warwickshire to leave the plough for the pike, and despatching, from time to time, small detachments of recruits to extend Marlborough's lines, and to act as food for the hungry cannon at Ramillies and Malplaquet.

Of those two gentlemen who are about to act a very important part in our history, one only was probably a native of Britain,—we say probably, because the individual in question was himself quite uncertain, and, it must be added, entirely indifferent about his birthplace; but speaking the English language, and having been during the course of his life pretty generally engaged in the British service, he had a tolerably fair claim to the majestic title of Briton. His name was Peter Brock, otherwise Corporal Brock of Lord Cutts's regiment of dragoons; he was of age about fifty-seven (even that point has never been ascertained); in height about five feet six inches; in weight about thirteen stone; with a chest that the celebrated Leitch himself might envy; an arm, that was like an opera dancer's leg; a stomach, that was so elastic, that it would accommodate itself to any given or stolen quantity of food, a great aptitude for strong liquors; a considerable skill in singing *chansons de table* of not the most delicate kind; he was a lover of jokes, of which he made many, and passably bad; when pleased, simply coarse, boisterous, and jovial; when angry, a perfect demon; bullying, cursing, storming, fighting, as is sometimes the wont with gentlemen of his cloth and education.

Mr. Brock was strictly what the Marquess of Rodil styled himself, in a proclamation to his soldiers after running away, a *hijo de la guerra*—a child of war. Not seven cities, but one or two regiments, might contend for the honor of giving him birth; for his mother, whose name he took, had acted as camp-follower to a royalist regiment; had then obeyed the Parliamentarians; died in Scotland when Monk was commanding in that country; and the first appearance of Mr. Brock in a public capacity, displayed him as a fifer in the general's own regiment of Coldstreamers, when they marched from Scotland to London, and from a republic at once into a monarchy. Since that period, Brock had been always with the army; he had had, too, some promotion, for he spake of a having command at the battle of the Boyne, though probably (as he never mentioned the fact) upon the losing side; and the very year before this narrative commences, he had been one of Mordaunt's forlorn hope at Schellenberg, for which service he was promised a pair of colors; he lost them, however, and was almost shot (but fate did not ordain that his career should close in that way) for drunkenness and insubordination immediately after the battle; but having in some measure re-instated himself, by a display of much gallantry at Blenheim, it was found advisable to send him to England for the purpose of recruiting, and remove him altogether from the regiment where his gallantry only rendered the example of his riot more dangerous.

Mr. Brock's commander was a slim young gentleman of twenty-six, about whom there was likewise a history, if one would take the trouble to inquire. He was a Bavarian by birth (his mother being an English lady), and enjoyed along with a dozen other brothers, the title of count: eleven of these, of course, were penniless; one or two were priests, one a monk, six or seven in various military services, and the elder at home at Schloss Galgenstein breeding horses, hunting wild boars, swindling tenants, living in a great house with small means; obliged to be sordid at home all the year, to be splendid for a month at the capital, as is the way with many other noblemen. Our young count, Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian von Galgenstein, had been in the service of the French, as page to a nobleman, then of his majesty's *gardes du corps;* then a lieutenant and captain in the Bavarian service; and when, after the battle of Blenheim, two regiments of Germans came over to the winning side, Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian found himself among them; and at the epoch when this story commences, had enjoyed English pay for a year or more. It is unnecessary to say how he exchanged into his present regiment; how it happened that before her marriage, handsome John Churchill had known the young gentleman's mother, when they were both penniless hangers-on at Charles the Second's court;—it is, we say, quite useless to repeat all the scandal of which we are perfectly masters, and to trace step by step the events of his history; here, however, was Gustavus Adolphus, in a small inn, in a small village of Warwickshire, on an autumn evening in the year 1705; and at the very moment when this history begins, he and Mr. Brock, his corporal and friend, were seated at a round rable before the kitchen fire, while a small groom of the establishment was leading up and down in the village-green, before the inn-door, two black, glossy, long-tailed, barrel-bellied, thick-flanked, arch-necked, Roman-nosed, Flanders horses, which were the property of the two gentlemen now taking their ease at the inn-table, drinking mountain-wine; and if the roader fancies from the sketch which we have given of their lives, or from his own blindness and belief in the perfectibility of human nature, that the sun of that autumn evening shone upon any two men in county or city, at desk or harvest, at court or at Newgate, drunk or sober, who were greater rascals than Count Gustavus Galgenstein and Corporal Peter Brock, he is egregiously mistaken, and his knowledge of human nature is not worth a fig. If they had not been two prominent scoundrels, what business should we have in detailing their histories? What would the public care for them? Who would meddle with dull virtue, humdrum sentiment, or stupid innocence, when vice, agreeable vice, is the only thing which the readers of romance care to hear?

The little horse-boy, who was leading the two black Flanders horses up and down the green, might have put them in the stable for any good that the horses got by the gentle exercise, which they were now taking in the cool evening air, as their owners had not ridden very far or very hard, and there was not a hair turned of their sleek shining coats; but the lad had been specially ordered so to walk the horses about until he received further commands from the gentlemen reposing in the Bugle kitchen; and the idlers of the village seemed so pleased with the beasts, and their smart saddles and shining bridles, that it would have been a pity to deprive them of so innocent a spectacle. Over the count's horse was thrown a fine red cloth, richly embroidered in yellow worsted, a very large count's coronet and a cipher at the four corners of the covering; and under this might be seen a pair of gorgeous silver stirrups, and above it, a couple of silver-mounted pistols reposing in bear-skin holsters; the bit was silver too, and the horse's head was decorated with many smart ribands. Of the corporal's steed, suffice it to say, that the ornaments were in brass, as bright, though not perhaps so valuable, as those which decorated the captain's animal. The boys who had been at play on the green, first paused and entered into conversation with the horse-boy; then the village matrons followed; and afterwards, sauntering by ones and twos came the village maidens, who love soldiers as flies love treacle;—presently the males began to arrive, and lo! the parson of the parish, taking his evening walk with Mrs. Dobbs, and the four children his offspring, at length joined himself to his flock.

To this audience the little ostler explained, that the animals belonged to two gentlemen now reposing at the Bugle; one young with gold hair, the other old with grizzled locks; both in red coats; both in jack-boots; putting the house into a bustle, and calling for the best. He then discoursed to some of his own companions regarding the merits of the horses; and the parson, a learned man, explained to the villagers, that one of the travellers must be a count, or at least had a count's horsecloth; pronounced that the stirrups were of real silver, and checked the impetuosity of his son, William Nassau Dobbs, who was for mounting the animals, and who expressed a longing to fire off one of the pistols in the holsters.

As this family discussion was taking place, the gentlemen whose appearance had created so much attention, came to the door of the inn, and the elder and stouter was seen to smile at his companion; after which he strolled leisurely over the green, and seemed to examine with much benevolent satisfaction the assemblage of villagers who were staring at him and the quadrupeds.

Mr. Brock, when he saw the parson's band and cassock, took off his beaver reverently, and saluted the divine: "I hope your reverence won't balk the little fellow," said he; "I think I heard him calling out for a ride, and whether he should like my horse, or his lordship's horse, it is all one. Don't be afraid, sir, the horses are not tired, we have only come seventy mile to-day, and Prince Eugene, once rode a matter of fifty-two leagues (a hundred and fifty miles), sir, upon that horse, between sunrise and sunset."

"Gracious powers! on which horse?" said Doctor Dobbs, very solemnly.

"On *this*, sir,—on mine, Corporal Brock of Cutts's black gelding, William of Nassau; the prince, sir, gave it to me after Blenheim fight, for I had my own legs carried away by a cannon-ball, just as I cut down two of Saurkrauter's regiment, who had made the prince prisoner."

"Your own legs, sir!" said the doctor, "gracious goodness! this is more and more astonishing!"

"No, no, not my own legs, my horse's I mean, sir; and the prince gave me William of Nassau that very day."

To this no direct reply was made; but the Docter looked at Mrs. Dobbs, and Mrs. Dobbs and the rest of the children at her eldest son, who grinned and said, "Isn't it wonderful?" The corporal to this answered nothing, but, resuming his account, pointed to the other horse and said, "*That* horse, sir—good as mine is—that horse, with the silver stirrups, is his excellency's horse. Captain Count Maximilian Gustavus Adolphus von Galgenstein, captain of horse and of the holy Roman empire"—he lifted his hat with much gravity, and all the crowd, even to the parson, did likewise. "We call him George of Denmark, sir, in compliment to her majesty's husband; he is Blenheim too, sir; Marshal Tallard rode him on that day, and you know how *he* was taken prisoner by the count?"

"George of Denmark, Marshal Tallard, William of Nassau! this is strange indeed, most wonderful! Why, sir, little are you aware that there are before you *at this moment*, two other living beings who bear these venerated names! My boys, stand forward! Look here, sir; these children have been respectively named after our late sovereign, and the husband of our present queen."

"And very good names too, sir; ay, and very noble little fellows too; and I propose that with your reverence and your ladyship's leave, William Nassau here shall ride on George of Denmark, and George of Denmark shall ride on William of Nassau."

When this speech of the corporal's was made, the whole crowd set up a loyal hurrah! and, with much gravity, the two little boys were lifted up into the saddles; and the corporal leading one, entrusted the other to the horse boy, and so together marched stately up and down the green.

The popularity which Mr. Brock gained by this manœuvre was very great; but with regard to the names of the horses and children, which coincided so extraordinarily, it is but fair to state, that the christening of the quadrupeds had only taken place about two minutes before the dragoon's appearance on the green. For if the fact must be confessed, he, while seated near the inn window, had kept a pretty wistful eye upon all going on without; and the horses marching thus to and fro for the wonderment of the village, were only placards or advertisements for the riders.

There was, besides the boy now occupied with the horses, and the landlord and the landlady of the Bugle Inn, another person connected with that establishment—a very smart, handsome, vain, giggling servant girl, about the age of sixteen, who went by the familiar name of Cat, and attended upon the gentlemen in the parlor, while the landlady was employed in cooking their supper in the kitchen. This young person had been educated in the village poor-house, and having been pronounced by Doctor Dobbs and the schoolmaster, the idlest, dirtiest, and most passionate little minx with whom either ever had to do, she was, after receiving a very small portion of literary instruction (indeed it must be stated that the young lady did not know her letters), bound apprentice at the age of nine years to Mrs. Score, her relative, and landlady of the Bugle Inn.

If Miss Cat, or Catherine Hall was a slattern and a minx, Mrs. Score was a far superior shrew; and for the seven years of her apprenticeship, the girl was completely at her mercy. Yet though wondrously stingy, jealous, and violent, while her maid was idle and extravagant, and her husband seemed to abet the girl, Mrs. Score put up with the wench's airs, idleness, and caprices, without ever wishing to dismiss her from the Bugle. The fact is that Miss Catherine was a great beauty; and for about two years, since her fame began to spread, the custom of the inn had also increased vastly. When there was a debate whether the farmers, on their way from market, would take t'other pot, Catherine, by appearing with it, would straightway cause the liquor to be swallowed and paid for; and when the traveller who proposed riding that night and sleeping at Coventry or Birmingham, was asked by Miss Catherine whether he would like a fire in his bed-room, he generally was induced to occupy it, although he might before have vowed to Mrs. Score that he would not for a thousand guineas be absent from home that night. The girl had, too, half a dozen lovers in the village; and these were bound in honor to spend their pence at the ale-house she inhabited. O woman, lovely woman! what strong resolves canst thou twist round thy little finger! what gunpowder passions canst thou kindle with a single sparkle of thine eye! what lies and fribble nonsense canst thou make us listen to, as they were gospel truth or splendid wit! above all, what bad liquor canst thou make us swallow when thou puttest a kiss within the cup—and we are content to call the poison, wine!

The mountain-wine at the Bugle was, in fact, execrable; but Mrs. Cat, who served it to the two soldiers, made it so agreeable to them, that they found it a passable, even a pleasant task, to swallow the contents of a second bottle. The miracle had been wrought instantaneously on her appearance, for whereas at that very moment the count was employed in cursing the wine, the landlady, the wine grower, and the English nation generally, when the young lady entered and (choosing so to interpret the oaths) said "Coming, your honor; I think your honor called." Gustavus Adolphus whistled, stared at her very hard, and seeming quite dumb-stricken by her appearance, contented himself by swallowing a whole glass of mountain by way of reply.

Mr. Brock was, however, by no means so confounded as his captain: he was thirty years older than the latter, and in the course of fifty years of military life had learned to look on the most dangerous enemy, or the most beautiful woman, with the like daring, devil-may-care determination to conquer.

"My dear Mary," then said that gentleman, "his honor is a lord; as good as a lord that is; for all he allows such humble fellows as I am to drink with him."

Catherine dropped a low curtsey, and said, "Well, I don't know if you are joking a poor country girl, as all you soldier gentlemen do; but his honor *looks* like a lord, though I never see one, to be sure."

"Then," said the captain, gathering courage, "how do you know I look like one, pretty Mary?"

"Pretty Catherine: I mean Catherine, if you please, sir."

Here Brock burst into a roar of laughter, and shouting with many oaths that she was right at first, invited her to give him what he called a buss.

Pretty Catherine turned away from him at this request, and muttered something about "Keep your distance, low fellow! buss, indeed! poor country girl," &c. &c., placing herself, as if for protection, on the side of the captain. That gentleman looked also very angry; but whether at the sight of innocence so outraged, or the insolence of the corporal for daring to help himself first, we cannot say. "Hark ye, Mr. Brock," he cried very fiercely, "I will suffer no such liberties in my presence; remember, it is only my condescension which permits you to share my bottle in this way; take care I don't give you instead a taste of my cane." So saying, he, in a protecting manner, placed one hand round Mrs. Catherine's waist, holding the other clenched very near to the corporal's nose.

Mrs. Catherine, for *her* share of this action of the count's, dropped another curtsey, and said, "Thank you, my lord." But Galgenstein's threat did not appear to make any impression on Mr. Brock, as indeed there was no reason that it should; for the corporal, at a combat of fisty-cuffs, could have pounded his commander into a jelly in ten minutes: so he contented himself by saying, "Well, noble Captain, there's no harm done; it *is* an honor for poor old Peter Brock to be at table with you, and I *am* sorry, sure enough."

"In truth, Peter, I believe thou art; thou hast good reason, eh, Peter? But never fear, man; had I struck thee, I never would have hurt thee."

"I *know* you would not," replied Brock, laying his hand on his heart with much gravity: and so peace was made, and healths were drank. Miss Catherine condescended to put her lips to the captain's glass; who swore that the wine was thus converted into nectar; and although the girl had not previously heard of that liquor, she received the compliment as a compliment, and smiled and simpered in return.

The poor thing had never before seen any body so handsome, or so finely dressed as the count; and in the simplicity of her coquetry, allowed her satisfaction to be quite visible. Nothing could be more clumsy than the gentleman's mode of complimenting her; but for this, perhaps, his speeches were more effective than others more delicate would have been; and though she said to each, "O, now my lord," and "La, captain, how can you flatter one so?" and "Your honor's laughing at me;" and made such polite speeches as are used on these occasions, it was manifest from the flutter and blush, and the grin of satisfaction which lighted up the buxom features of the little country beauty, that the count's first operations had been highly successful. When following up his attack, he produced from his neck a small locket (which had been given him by a Dutch lady at the Brill), and begged Miss Catherine to wear it for his sake; and chucked her under the chin, and called her his little rose-bud, it was pretty clear how things would go: any body who could see the expression of Mr. Brock's countenance at this event, might judge of the progress of the irresistible High-Dutch conqueror.

Being of a very vain, communicative turn, our fair bar-maid gave her two companions not only a pretty long account of herself, but of many other persons in the village, whom she could perceive from the window opposite to which she stood. "Yes, your honor," said she—"my lord, I mean; sixteen last March, though there's many a girl in the village that, at my age, is quite chits; there's Polly Randall now, that red-haired girl along with Thomas Curtis, she's seventeen if she's a day, though he is the very first sweetheart she has had. Well, as I am saying, I was bred up here in the village—father and mother died very young, and I was left a poor orphan—well, bless us! if Thomas haven't kissed her!—to the care of Mrs. Score, my aunt, who has been a mother to me—a step-mother, you know;—and I've been to Stratford fair, and to Warwick many a time; and there's two people who have offered to marry me, and ever so many who want to, and I won't have none—only a gentleman, as I've always said; not a poor clodpole, like Tom there with the red waistcoat (he was one that asked me), nor a drunken fellow like Sam Blacksmith, yonder, him whose wife has got a black eye, but a real gentleman, like——"

"Like whom, my dear?" said the captain, encouraged.

"La, sir, how can you? why, like our squire, Sir John, who rides in such a mortal fine gold coach; or, at least, like the parson, Doctor Dobbs—that's him in the black gown, walking with Madame Dobbs in red."

"And are those his children?"

"Yes: two girls and two boys; and only think, he calls one William Nassau, and one George Denmark—isn't it odd?" And from the parson, Mrs. Catherine went on to speak of several humble personages of the village community, who, as they are not necessary to our story, need not be described at full length. It was when, from the window, Corporal Brock saw the altercation between the worthy divine and his son, respecting the latter's ride, that he judged it a fitting time to step out on the green, and to bestow on the two horses those famous historical names which we have just heard applied to them.

Mr. Brock's diplomacy was, as we have stated, quite successful; for, when the parson's boys had ridden and retired along with their mama and papa, other young gentlemen of humbler rank in the village were placed upon "George of Denmark" and "William of Nassau;" the corporal joking and laughing with all the grown-up people. The women, in spite of Mr. Brock's age, his red nose, and a certain squint of his eye, vowed the corporal was a jewel of a man, and among the men, his popularity was equally great.

"How much dost thee get, Thomas Clodpole?" said Mr. Brock to a countryman (he was the man whom Mrs. Catherine had described as her suitor), who had laughed the loudest at some of his jokes; "how much dost thee get for a week's work, now?"

Mr. Clodpole, whose name was really Bullock, stated that his wages amounted to "three shillings and a puddn."

"Three shillings and a puddn!—monstrous!—and for this you toil like a galley slave, as I have seen them in Turkey and America,—aye, gentlemen, and in the country of Prester John! You shiver out of bed on icy winter mornings to break the ice for Ball and Dapple to drink."

"Yes, indeed," said the person addressed, who seemed astounded at the extent of the corporal's information.

"Or you clean pig-sty, and take dung down to meadow; or you act watch-dog and tend sheep; or you sweep a scythe over a great field of grass; and when the sun has scorched the eyes out of your head, sweated the flesh out of your bones, and well-nigh fried the soul out of your body, you go home, to what?—three shillings a-week and a puddn! Do you get pudding every day?"

"No; only Sundays."

"Do you get money enough?"

"No, sure."

"Do you get beer enough?"

"Oh no, NEVER!" said Mr. Bullock quite resolutely.

"Worthy Clodpole, give us thy hand; it shall have beer enough this day, or my name's not Corporal Brock. Here's the money, boy! there are twenty pieces in this purse: and how do you think I got em? and how do you think I shall others when these are gone?—by serving her sacred majesty to be sure; long life to her, and down with the French king!"

Bullock, a few of the men, and two or three of the boys, piped out a hurrah, in compliment to this speech of the corporal's: but it was remarked, that the greater part of the crowd drew back—the women whispering ominously to them and looking at the corporal.

"I see, ladies, what it is," said he; "you are frightened, and think I am a crimp come to steal your sweethearts away. What! call Peter Brock a double dealer? I tell you what, boys, Jack Churchill himself has shaken this hand, and drunk a pot with me: do you think he'd shake hands with a rogue! Here's Tummas Clodpole has never had beer enough, and here am I will stand treat to him and any other gentleman; am I good enough company for him? I have money, look you, and like to spend it: what should *I* be doing dirty actions for—hay, Tummas!"

A satisfactory reply to this query was not, of course, expected by the corporal nor uttered by Mr. Bullock; and the end of the dispute was, that he and three or four of the rustic bystanders were quite convinced of the good intentions of their new friend, and accompanied him back to the Bugle, to regale upon the promised beer. Among the corporal's guests was one young fellow whose dress would shew that he was somewhat better to do in the world than Clodpole and the rest of the sun-burnt ragged troop, who were marching towards the ale-house. This man was the only one of his hearers who, perhaps, was sceptical as to the truth of his stories; but as soon as Bullock accepted the invitation to drink, John Hayes, the carpenter (for such was his name and profession), said, "Well, Thomas, if thou goest, I will go too."

"I know thee wilt," said Thomas, "thou'lt goo any where Catty Hall is, provided thou canst goo for nothing."

"Nay, I have a penny to spend as good as the corporal here."

"A penny to *keep*, you mean: for all your love for the lass at the Bugle, did thee ever spend a shilling in the house? Thee wouldn't go now, but that I am going too, and the captain here stands treat."

"Come, come, gentlemen, no quarrelling," said Mr. Brock; "if this pretty fellow will join us, amen say I: there's lots of liquor, and plenty of money to pay the score. Comrade Tummas, give us thy arm. Mr. Hayes, you're a hearty cock, I make no doubt, and all such are welcome. Come along, my gentleman farmers, Mr. Brock shall have the honor to pay for you all." And with this, Corporal Brock, accompanied by Messrs. Hayes, Bullock, Blacksmith, Bakers-boy, Butcher, and one or two others, adjourned to the inn; the horses being, at the same time, conducted to the stable.

Although we have, in this quiet way, and without any flourishing of trumpets, or beginning of chapters, introduced Mr. Hayes to the public; and although, at first sight a sneaking carpenter's boy may seem hardly worthy of the notice of an intelligent reader, who looks for a good cut-throat or highwayman for a hero, or a pick-pocket at the very least: this gentleman's words and actions should be carefully studied by the public, as he is destined to appear before them under

* This, as your ladyship is aware, is the polite name for her Majesty's prison of Newgate.

very polite and curious circumstances during the course of this history. The speech of the rustic Juvenal, Mr. Clodpole, had seemed to infer that Hayes was at once careful of his money and a warm admirer of Mrs. Catherine of the Bugle: and both the charges were perfectly true. Hayes's father was reported to be a man of some substance; and young John, who was performing his apprenticeship in the village, did not fail to talk very big of his pretensions to fortune—of his entering, at the close of his indentures, into partnership with his father—and of the comfortable farm and house over which Mrs. John Hayes, whoever she might be, would one day preside. Thus, next to the barber and butcher, and above even his own master, Mr. Hayes took rank in the village: and it must not be concealed that his representation of wealth had made some impression upon Mrs. Hall, towards whom the young gentleman had cast the eyes of affection. If he had been tolerably well-looking, and not pale, rickety, and feeble as he was; if even he had been ugly, but withal a man of spirit, it is probable the girl's kindness for him would have been much more decided. But he was a poor weak creature, not to compare with honest Thomas Bullock, by at least nine inches; and so notoriously timid, selfish, and stingy, that there was a kind of shame in receiving his addresses openly; and what encouragement Mrs. Catherine gave him could only be in secret.

But no mortal is wise at all times: and the fact was, that Hayes, who cared for himself intensely, had set his heart upon winning Catherine; and loved her with a desperate, greedy eagerness, and desire of possession, which makes passions for women often so fierce among very cold and selfish men. His parents (whose frugality he had inherited) had tried in vain to wean him from this passion, and had made many fruitless attempts to engage him with women who possessed money and desired husbands: but Hayes was, for a wonder, quite proof against their attractions; and, though quite ready to acknowledge the absurdity of his love for a penniless ale-house servant-girl, nevertheless persisted in it doggedly. "I know I'm a fool," said he; "and what's more the girl does not care for me; but marry her I must, or I think I shall just die, and marry her I will." For very much to the credit of Miss Catherine's modesty, she had declared that marriage was with her a *sine qua non*, and had dismissed, with the loudest scorn and indignation, all propositions of a less proper nature.

Poor Thomas Bullock was another of her admirers, and had offered to marry her; but three shillings a-week and a puddn was not to the girl's taste, and Thomas had been scornfully rejected: Hayes had also made her a direct proposal—Catherine did not say no, she was too prudent: but she was young, and could wait; she did not care for Mr. Hayes *yet*, enough to marry him—(it did not seem, indeed, in the young woman's nature to care for any body)—and she gave her adorer flatteringly to understand, that, if nobody better appeared in the course of a few years, she might be induced to become Mrs. Hayes. It was a dismal prospect for the poor fellow to live upon the hope of being one day Mrs. Catherine's *pis-aller*.

In the meantime she considered herself free as the wind, and permitted herself all the innocent gaieties which that "chartered libertine," a coquette, can take. She flirted with all the bachelors, widowers, and married men, in a manner which did extraordinary credit to her years; and let not the reader fancy such pastimes unnatural at her early age. The ladies—Heaven bless them!—are, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upwards. Little she's of three years old play little airs and graces upon small heroes of five; simpering misses of nine make attacks upon young gentlemen of twelve; and at sixteen, a well-grown girl, under encouraging circumstances—say, she is pretty, in a family of ugly elder sisters, or an only child and heiress, or an humble wench at a country inn, like our fair Catherine—is at the very pink and prime of her coquetry: they will jilt you at that age with an ease and arch infantine simplicity that never can be surpassed in maturer years.

Mrs. Catherine, then, was a *franche coquette*, and Mr. John Hayes was miserable. His life was passed in a storm of mean passions and bitter jealousies, and desperate attacks upon the indifference rock of Mrs. Catherine's heart, which not all his tempest of love could beat down. O cruel, cruel pangs of love unrequited! Mean rogues feel them as well as great heroes. Lives there the reader of this Magazine (in other words, the man in Europe) who has not felt them many times?—who has not knelt, and fawned, and supplicated, and wept, and cursed, and raved, all in vain; and passed long wakeful nights with ghosts of dead hopes for company; shadows of buried remembrances that glide out of their graves of nights, and whisper, "We are dead now, but we *were* once; and we made you happy, and we come now to mock you:—despair, O lover, despair," and die.—O cruel pangs! dismal nights!—Now a sly demon creeps under your night cap, and drops into your ear those soft, hope-breathing, sweet words, uttered on the well-remembered evening—there, in the drawer of your dressing-table (along with the razors, and Macassar oil), lies the dead flower that Lady Amelia Wilhelmina wore in her bosom on the night of a certain ball—the corpse of a glorious hope that seemed once as if it would live for ever, so strong was it, so full of joy and sunshine—there, in your writing-desk, among a crowd of unpaid bills, is the dirty scrap of paper, thimble-sealed, which came in company with a pair of muffetees of her knitting (she was a butcher's daughter, and did all she could, poor thing!) begging "you would ware them at collidge, and think of her who"—married a public house three weeks afterwards, and cares for you no more now than she does for the pot-boy. But why multiply instances, or seek to depict the agony of poor, mean-spirited John Hayes? No mistake can be greater than that of fancying such great emotions of love are only felt by virtuous or exalted men: depend upon it, Love, like Death, plays havoc among the *pauperum tabernas*, and sports with rich and poor, wicked and virtuous, alike. I have often fancied, for instance, on seeing the haggard, pale, young, old clothesman, who wakes the echoes of our street with his nasal cry of "Clo:" I have often, I say, fancied that, besides the load of exuvial coats and breeches under which he staggers, there is another weight on him—an *atrior cura* at his tail—and while his unshorn lips and nose together are performing that mocking, boisterous, Jack-indifferent cry of "Clo, Clo;" who knows what woful utterances are crying from the heart within? There he is chaffering with the footman at No. 7, about an old dressing-gown, you think his whole soul is bent only on the contest about the garment. 'Psha! there is, perhaps, some faithless girl in Holywell Street who fills up his heart; and that desultory Jew-boy is a peripatetic hell! Take another instance:—take the man in the beef-shop in Saint Martin's Court—there he is, at this very moment that I am writing and you are reading this,—there he is, to all appearances, quite calm: before the same round of beef—from morning till sun-down—for hundreds of years very likely—perhaps when the shutters are closed, and all the world tired and silent, there is HE silent, but untired—cutting, cutting, cutting: you enter, you get your meat to your liking, you depart; and, quite unmoved, on, on, he goes, reaping ceaselessly the Great Harvest of Beef. You would fancy that if Passion ever failed to conquer, it had in vain assailed the calm bosom of THAT MAN. I doubt it, and would give much to know his history,—who knows what furious Ætna-flames are raging underneath the surface of that calm flesh-mountain.—who can tell me that that calmness itself is not DESPAIR?

* * * * * *

The reader, if he does not now understand why it was that Mr. Hayes agreed to drink the corporal's proffered beer, had better just read the foregoing remarks over again, and if he does not understand *then*, why, small praise to his brains. Hayes could not bear that Mr. Bullock should have a chance of seeing, and perhaps making love to, Mrs. Catherine in his absence; and though the young woman never diminished her coquetry, but, on the contrary, rather increased them in his presence; it was still a kind of dismal satisfaction to be miserable in her company.

On this occasion, the disconsolate lover could be wretched to his heart's content; for Catherine had not a word or a look for him, but bestowed all her smiles upon the handsome stranger who owned the black horse. As for poor Tummas Bullock, his passion was never violent; and he was content in the present instance to sigh and drink beer. He sighed and drunk, sighed and drunk, and drunk again, until he had swallowed so much of the corporal's liquor, as to be induced to accept a guinea from his purse also; and found himself, on returning to reason and sobriety, a soldier of queen Anne's.

But, oh! fancy the agonies of Mr. Hayes, when, seated with the serjeant's friends at one end of the kitchen, he saw the captain at the place of honour, and the smiles which the fair maid bestowed upon him; when, as she lightly whisked past him with the captain's supper, she, pointing to the locket, that once reposed on the breast of the Dutch lady at the Brill, looked archly on Hayes, and said, "See, John, what his lordship has given me;" and when John's face became green and purple with rage and jealousy, Mrs. Catherine laughed ten times louder, and cried, "Coming, my lord," in a voice of shrill triumph, that bored through the soul of Mr. John Hayes, and left him gasping for breath.

On Catherine's other lover, Mr. Thomas, this coquetry had no effect: he, and two comrades of his, had by this time quite fallen under the spell of the corporal; and hope, glory, strong beer, Prince Eugene, pairs of colours, more strong beer, her blessed Majesty, plenty more strong beer, and such subjects, martial and bacchic, whirled through their dizzy brains at a railroad pace.

And now, if there had been a couple of experienced reporters present at the Bugle Inn, they might have taken down a conversation on love and war—the two themes discussed by the two parties occupying the kitchen—which, as the parts were sung together, duet-wise, formed together some very curious harmonies. Thus, while the captain was whispering the softest nothings, the corporal was shouting the fiercest combats of the war; and, like the gentlemam at Penelope's table, on it, *exiguo pinxit prælia tota* bero. For example:—

Captain.—What do you say to a silver trimming, pretty Catherine? Don't you think a scarlet riding-cloak, handsomely laced, would become you wonderfully well?—and a gray hat with a blue feather—and a pretty nag to ride on—and all the soldiers to present arms as you pass, and say, there goes the captain's lady. What do you think of a side box at Lincoln's Inn playhouse, or of standing up to a minuet with my Lord Marquis at ——

Corporal—the ball, sir, ran right up his elbow, and was found the next dav by Surgeon Splinter of ours,—where do you think, sir?—upon my honour as a gentleman it came out of the nape of his ——

Captain—necklace—and a sweet pair of diamond earrings, mayhap—and a little shower of patches, which ornament a lady's face wondrously—and a little leetle rouge—though, egad! such peach-cheeks as yours don't wan't it;—fie! Mrs. Catherine, I should think the birds must come and pick at them as if they were fruit ——

Corporal—over the wall; and three-and-twenty of our fellows jumped after me; by the pope of Rome, friend Tummas, that was a day!—Had you seen how the Mounseers looked when four-and-twenty rampaging he-devils, sword and pistol, cut and thrust, pell-mell came tumbling into the redoubt! Why, sir, we left in three minutes as many artillerymen's heads as there were cannon-balls. It was *Ah sacre!* d— you, take that; *O mon Dieu!* run him through; *Ventrebleu!* and it *was* ventrebleu with him, I warrant you: for *bleu* in the French language, means through; and *ventre*—why, you see, ventre means——

Captain—waists, which are worn now excessive long;—and for the hoops, if you *could* but see them—slap my vitals, my dear, but there was a lady at Warwick's assembly (she came in one of my lord's coaches) who had a hoop as big as a tent, you might have dined under it comfortably;—ha! ha! 'pon my faith, now——

Corporal—and there we found the Duke of Marlborough seated along with Marshal Tallard, who was endeavouring to drown his sorrow over a cup of Johannisberger wine; and a good drink too, my lads, only not to compare to Warwick beer. "Who was the man who has done this?" said our noble general. I stept up. "How many heads was it," says he, "that you cut off? "Nineteen," says I, "besides wounding several." When he heard it (Mr. Hayes, you don't drink) I'm blest if he didn't burst into tears! "Noble, noble fellow," says he, "Marshal you must excuse me, if I am pleased to hear of the destruction of your countrymen;"—noble, noble fellow!—"here's a hundred guineas for you," which sum he placed in my hand. "Nay," says the Marshal, "the man has done his duty;" and, pulling out a magnificent gold diamond hilted snuff-box, he gave me——

Mr. Bullock.—What, a goold snuff-box? Wauns, but thee *wast* in luck, corporal!

Corporal.—No, not the snuff-box, but—*a pinch of snuff*,—ha! ha!—run me through the body if he didn't! Could you but have seen the smile on Jack Churchill's grave face, at this piece of generosity—so, beckoning Colonel Cadogan up to him, he pinched his ear, and whispered——

Captain—"May I have the honour to dance a minuet with your ladyship?" The whole room was in titters at Jack's blunder; for, as you know very well, poor lady Susan *has a wooden leg:* ha! ha! fancy a minuet and a wooden leg, hey, my dear?

Mrs. Catherine.—Giggle, giggle, giggle: he! he! he! O captain, you rogue, you.

Second table—Haw! haw! haw! well you *be* a foony mon, serjeant, zure enoff.

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This little specimen of the conversation must be sufficient. It will shew pretty clearly that each of the two military commanders was conducting his operations with perfect success. Three of the detachment of five attacked by the corporal, surrendered to him Mr. Bullock, namely, who gave in at a very early stage of the evening, and ignominiously laid down his arms under the table, after standing not more than a dozen volleys of beer; Mr. Blacksmith's-boy, and a labourer whose name we have not been able to learn. Mr. Butcher himself was on the point of yielding, when he was rescued by the furious charge of a detachment that marched to his relief: his wife namely, who, with two squalling children, rushed into the Bugle,—boxed Butcher's ears, and kept up such a tremendous fire of oaths and screams upon the corporal, that he was obliged to retreat; fixing then her claws into Mr. Butcher's hair, she proceeded to drag him out of the premises; and thus Mr. Brock was overcome. His attack upon John Hayes was a still greater failure; for that young man seemed to be invincible by drink, if not by love: and at the end of the drinking bout was a great deal more cool than the corporal himself, to whom he wished a very polite good evening, as calmly he took his hat to depart. He turned to look at Catherine, to be sure, and then he was not quite so calm: but Catherine did not give any reply to his good night. She was seated at the captain's table playing at cribbage with him; and though Count Gustavus Maximilian lost every game, he won more than he lost,—sly fellow!—and Mrs. Catherine was no match for him.

It is to be presumed that Hayes gave some information to Mrs. Score, the landlady, for, on leaving the kitchen, he was seen to linger for a moment in the bar; and very soon after Mrs. Catherine was called away from her attendance on the Count, who, when he asked for a sack and toast, was furnished with those articles by the landlady herself; and, during the half-hour in which he was employed in consuming this drink, Monsieur de Galgenstein looked very much disturbed and out of humour, and cast his eyes to the door perpetually, but no Catherine came. At last, very sulkily, he desired to be shewn to bed, and walked as well as he could (for, to say truth, the noble Count was by this time somewhat unsteady on his legs) to his chamber. It was Mrs. Score who shewed him to it, and closed the curtains, and pointed triumphantly to the whiteness of the sheets.

"It's a very comfortable room," said she, "though not the best in the house; which belong of right to your lordship's worship; but our best room has two beds, and Mr. Corporal is in that locked and double-locked with his three tipsy recruits. But your honour will find this here bed comfortable and well-aired; I've slept in it myself this eighteen years."

"What, my good woman, you are going to sit up, eh? It's cruel hard in you madam."

"Sit up, my lord; bless you, no! I shall have half of our cat's bed, as I always do when there's company." And with this Mrs. Score curtseyed and retired.

* * * * * *

Very early the next morning the active landlady and her bustling attendant had prepared the ale and bacon for the corporal and his three converts, and had set a nice white cloth for the captain's breakfast. The young blacksmith did not eat with much satisfaction; but Mr. Bullock and his friend betrayed no sign of discontent, except such as may be consequent upon an evening's carouse. They walked very contentedly to be registered before Doctor Dobbs, who was also justice of the peace, and went in search of their slender bundles, and took leave of their few acquaintances without much regret; for the gentlemen had been bred in the workhouse, and had not therefore a large circle of friends.

It wanted only an hour of noon, and the noble Count had not descended. The men were waiting for him, and spent much of the queen's money (earned by the sale of their bodies over night) while thus expecting him. Perhaps Mrs. Catherine expected him too, for she had offered many times to run up—with my lord's boots—with the hot water—to shew Mr. Brock the way, who sometimes condescended to officiate as barber. But on all these occasions Mrs. Score had prevented her; not scolding, but with much gentleness and smiling. At last, more gentle and smiling than ever, she came down stairs, and said, "Catherine, darling, his honour, the Count, is mighty hungry this morning, and vows he could pick the wing of a fowl; run down, child, to Farmer Brigg's, and get one: pluck it before you bring it, you know, and we will make his lordship a pretty breakfast."

Catherine took up her basket, and away she went by the back-yard, through the stables. There she heard the little horseboy whistling and hissing after the manner of horseboys; and there she learned that Mrs. Score had been inventing an ingenious story to have her out of the way. The hostler said he was just going to lead the two horses round to the door. The corporal had been, and they were about to start on the instant for Stratford.

The fact was that Count Gustavus Adolphus, far from wishing to pick the wing of a fowl, had risen with horror and loathing for everything in the shape of food, and for any liquor stronger than small beer. Of this he had drunk a cup, and said he should ride immediately to Stratford; and when, on ordering his horses, he had asked politely of the landlady "why the d— *she* always came up, and why she did not send the girl," Mrs. Score informed the Count that her Catherine was gone out for a walk along with the young man to whom she was to be married, and would not be visible that day. On hearing this the captain ordered his horses that moment, and abused the wine, the bed, the house, the landlady, and every thing connected with the Bugle Inn.

Out the horses came; the little boys of the village gathered round; the recruits, with bunches of ribands in their beavers, appeared presently; Corporal Brock came swaggering out, and, slapping the pleased blacksmith on the back, bade him mount his horse while the boys hurraed: then the captain came out, gloomy and majestic; to him Mr. Brock made a military salute, which clumsily, and with much grinning, the recruits imitated. "I shall walk on with these brave fellows, your honour, and meet you at Stratford," said the corporal. "Good," said the captain, as he mounted. The landlady curtseyed; the children hurraed more; the little horseboy, who held the bridle with one hand, and the stirrup with the other, and expected a crown-piece from such a noble gentleman, got only a kick and a curse as Count von Galgenstein shouted, "D— you all, get out of the way!" and galloped off: and John Hayes, who had been sneaking about the inn all the morning, felt a weight off his heart when he saw the captain ride off alone.

* * * * * *

O foolish Mrs. Score! O dolt of a John Hayes! If the landlady had allowed the captain and the maid to have their way and meet but for a minute before recruits, sergeants, and all, it is probable that no harm would have been done, and that this history would never have been written.

When Count von Galgenstein had ridden half a mile on the Stratford road, looking as black and dismal as Napoleon galloping from the romantic village of Waterloo, he espied, a few score yards onward, at the turn of the road, a certain object, which caused him to check his horse suddenly, brought a tingling red into his cheeks, and made his heart to go thump, thump, against his side. A young lass was sauntering slowly along the footpath, with a basket swinging from one hand, and a bunch of hedge-flowers in the other. She stopped once or twice to add a fresh one to her nosegay, and might have seen him, the Captain thought; but no, she never looked directly towards him, and still walked on. Sweet innocent! she was singing as if none were near; her voice went soaring up to the clear sky, and the Captain put his horse on the grass, that the sound of the hoofs might not disturb the music.

When the kine had given a pailful (sang she),
And the sheep came bleating home,
Poll, who knew it would be healthful,
Went a walking out with Tom.
Hand in hand, sir, on the land, sir,
As they walked to and fro,
Tom made jolly love to Polly,
But was answered no, no, no.

The Captain had put his horse on the grass, that the sound of his hoofs might not disturb the music; and now he pushed its head on to the bank, where straightway William of Orange began chewing of such a salad as grew there; and now the Captain slid off stealthily, and smiling comically, and hitching up his great jack-boots, and moving forward with a jerking tiptoe step, he, just as she was trilling the last o-o-o of the last *no* in the above poem of Tom D'Urfey, came up to her, and touching her lightly on the waist, said,

"My dear, your very humble servant."

Mrs. Catherine [you know you have found her out long ago!] gave a scream and a start, and would have turned pale if she could. As it was, she only shook all over, and said,

"O Sir! how you *did* frighten me!"

"Frighten you! my rose-bud; why, run me through, I'd die rather than frighten you. Gad, child, tell me now, am I so *very* frightful?"

"Oh no, your honor, I didn't mean that; only I wasn't thinking to meet you here, or that you would ride so early at all; for if you please, sir, I was going to fetch a chicken for your lordship's breakfast, as my mistress said you would like one; and I thought, instead of going to Farmer Brigg's, down Birmingham way, as she told me, I'd go to Farmer Bird's, where the chickens is better, sir—my lord, I mean."

"Said I'd like a chicken for breakfast, the old cat! why, I told her I would not eat a morsel to save me, I was so dru—— I mean I ate such a good supper last night—and I bade her to send me a pot of small beer, and to tell you to bring it; and the wretch said you were gone out with your sweetheart."

"What! John Hayes, the creature? Oh, what a naughty, story-telling woman!"

"You were walked out with your sweetheart, and I was not to see you any mere; and I was mad with rage, and ready to kill myself; I was, my dear"

"Oh, sir! pray, *pray* don't."

"For your sake, my sweet angel?"

"Yes, for my sake, if such a poor girl as me can persuade noble gentlemen."

"Well, then, for *your* sake, I won't; no, I'll live; but why live? Hell and fury, if I do live I'm miserable without you; I am,—you know I am,—you adorable, beautiful, cruel, wicked Catherine!"

Catherine's reply to this was "La, bless me! I do believe your horse is running away;" and so he was; for, having finished his meal in the hedge, he first looked towards his master and paused, as it were, irresolutely; then, by a sudden impulse, flinging up his tail and his hind legs, he scampered down the road.

Mrs. Catherine ran lightly after the horse, and the Captain after Mrs. Catherine; and the horse ran quicker and quicker every moment, and might have led them a long chase; when, lo! debouching from a twist in the road. came the detachment in cavalry and infantry under Mr. Brock. The moment he was out of sight of the village, that gentleman had desired the blacksmith to dismount, and had himself jumped into the saddle, maintaining the subordination of his army by drawing a pistol, and swearing that he would blow out the brains of any person who attempted to run. When the Captain's horse came near the detachment he paused, and suffered himself to be caught by Thomas Bullock, who held him until the owner and Mrs. Catherine came up.

Mr. Bullock looked comically grave when he saw the pair; but the corporal graciously saluted Mrs. Catherine, and said it was a fine day for walking.

"La, sir, and so it is," said she, panting in a very pretty and distressing way, "but not for *running*. I do protest—ha!—and vow that I really can scarcely stand. I'm so tired of running after that naughty, naughty horse!"

"How do, Cattern?" said Thomas, "zee, I be going a zouldering because thee wouldn't have me;" and here Mr. Bullock grinned. Mrs. Catherine made no sort of reply, but protested once more she should die of running. If the truth were told, she was somewhat vexed at the arrival of the corporal's detachment, and had had very serious thoughts of finding herself quite tired just as he came in sight.

A sudden thought brought a smile of bright satisfaction in the Captain's eyes,—he mounted the horse which Tummas still held,—"*Tired*, Mrs. Catherine!" said he, "and for my sake? By Heavens, you sha'n't walk a step farther! No, you shall ride back with a guard of honor! Back to the village, gentlemen!—right about face! Shew those fellows, corporal, how to right about face. Now my dear, mount behind me on Snowball; he's easy as a sedan. Put your dear little foot on the toe of my boot; there now,—up!—jump!—hurrah!"

"*That's* not the way, Captain," shouted out Thomas, still holding on the rein as the horse began to move; "thee woant goo with him, will thee, Catty!"

But Mrs Catherine, though she turned away her head, never let go her hold round the Captain's waist; and he, swearing a dreadful oath at Thomas, struck him across the face and hands with his riding-whip; and the poor fellow, who at the first cut, still held on the rein, dropped it at the second; and, as the pair galloped off, sate down on the roadside, and fairly began to weep.

"*March*, you dog!" shouted out the corporal a minute after; and so he did: and when next he saw Mrs. Catherine she *was* the Captain's lady sure enough, and wore a gray hat with a blue feather, and red riding-coat trimmed with silver lace. But Thomas was then on a bare-backed horse; which Corporal Brock was flanking round a ring, and he was so occupied looking between his horse's ears, that he had no time to cry then, and at length got the better of his attachment.

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This being a good opportunity for breaking off, we ought, perhaps, to make some apologies to the public for introducing them to characters that are so utterly worthless; as we confess all our heroes, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, to be. In this we have consulted nature and history, rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of *Ernest Maltravers*, for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides; and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that—bless the little dears!—their very peccadilloes make one interested in them; and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so deliciously is it described. Now, if we *are* to be interested by rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals. Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathising with the rascalities of noble hearts. For our own part, we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the *Newgate Calendar*, which we hope to follow out to edification. Among the rogues, at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtues. And if the British public [after calling for three or four editions] shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors, we shall be content,—we shall apply to government for a pension, and think that our duty is done.

I. S. JUN.

Cold Bath Fields, 15th April. Frazer's Magazine for May, 1839.

Cunning of Foxes.—The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country; where Reynard, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a water pool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow bough hanging over the pond. The cunning of a dog which Sergeant Wilde tells me of as known to him, is at least equal. He used to be tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he slipped his head out of the collar, and returning before dawn, put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursions. Brougham on the Instinct of Animals.

Odd Idea.—A French poet, writing on the cemetery of Rennes, apostrophizes a mill as "*horloge des morts*"—[*clock of the dead!*]

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

New Stakes at Nashville, Tenn.—In our advertising columns to-day will be found the programme of the two "Sweepstakes from Alabama," alluded to by "D." in his communication last week, as having "attached to them novel conditions." We rather like the "conditions"—at least the principle, and wish the English Jockey Club rules relative to the payment of forfeits was rigidly enforced here, to the following effect:

"No horse shall be qualified to start for any purse or stake that has not paid all forfeits incurred previously in other stakes, nor shall any owner of horses in arrear for forfeits be permitted to start a horse until all such forfeits on all his horses have been paid."

In the new sweepstakes now opened doubtful nominations will be avoided, so that if won by a gentleman residing at a distance from Tennessee, no difficulty will be experienced in realizing the forfeits. No apprehension need be felt as to the stakes filling, there having been already obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to ensure a race. The nominations are to be addressed to Hugh Kirkman, Esq. Secretary to the Nashville Jockey Club.

Mr. D. Warner advertises in the Rochester papers (in this State), purses for three day's racing and trotting over the *Phœnix* Course near that city, to commence on the 16th instant.

Blue Fishing.—There has been a very fine run of Blue Fish on the South side of Long Island, during the week. The Babylon and Islip people are enjoying great sport, and if we don't contrive to wet a hundred yards of our trolling line before ten days with Conklin or Snedeker, it will be because we cannot find an occupant *pro tem.* for our chair editorial, who shall "follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor." Where's Kurnel Whetstone?

Mr. Joseph Rochleau, of Natchez, Miss., has purchased a Medoc colt, 3 yrs., out of a mare by Sir Wm. of Transport, for $500, of Geo. W. Ward, Esq., of Ky.

Extraordinary Pedestrian Feat.—It will be seen that *Mutton John*, (Abraham Nostrand,) whose performances on Long Island before now, have woke up so many passengers, has been exhibiting some pretty tall walking at Philadelphia. The Sun of the 19th gives the annexed particulars:—

An eye-witness to the exploit yesterday communicated to us the following particulars of a feat of pedestrianism which "came off" on Monday, at Hunting Park Course, and which, he said, was unparalleled in the annals of sporting. For the performer he knew no other name than "Mutton John;"—perhaps his real name was John Lamb—but however that may be, he has more of the horse than the sheep in his legs. It was a race of 20 miles against time, two hours and a half being allowed, stake $1000. He performed the distance with ease in 2h. 27m. 29s.—two minutes one second within his time. The following is a statement of the time in which he performed each consecutive mile:—

First mile	6:52	Eighth mile	7:17
Second mile	7:03	Ninth mile	7:11
Third mile	7:11	Tenth mile	7:21
Fourth mile	7:14	Eleventh mile	7:20
Fifth mile	7:12	Twelfth mile	7:18
Sixth mile	7:06	Thirteenth mile	7:23
Seventh mile	7:12	Fourteenth mile	7:26
Fifteenth mile	7:29		
Sixteenth mile	7:39		
Seventeenth mile	8:01		
Eighteenth mile	7:51		
Nineteenth mile	7:58		
Twentieth mile	7:31		

Grey Eagle was sold during the late Louisville races on the Oakland Course, to Mr. A. L. Shotwell, for $6,200. He was the property of the late lamented Miles W. Dickey, Esq., of Georgetown, and was nominated by Messrs. Dickey and Oliver in the Great Four Mile Stake, to come off at Louisville the ensuing Fall.

Garr Fishing in Alabama must be pretty crank sport, and indeed, it is generally, throughout the West. Why will not some disciple of old Izaak Walton furnish us with an article on the subject? The editor of the "Cahawba Democrat" in his paper of the 1st inst., relates the following "fish story:"—

A large *Garr* was caught in the river, at this place, on the 30th ult., measuring 5 feet 6 inches in length, and weighing 78½ lbs. It seems that a common catfish hook was baited with a trout, which was swallowed by a catfish of 6 lbs. weight, which in its turn fell a prey to the voracious Gar. It was drawn to the surface of the river, with but little exertion, seemingly unaware of its tremendous power. To the attempt, however, to lift it into the canoe, by means of a paddle placed between its jaws, it made a flounce which snapped the line as if it had been but a thread. The paddle, however, was fastened to its teeth, and by a dexterous use of it, the fish was thrown into the canoe, where it took several severe blows on the head with an axe to despatch it. The catfish was drawn from its capacious maw, something the worse, however, for its perilous descent!

New Course in Louisiana.—We are pleased to learn that a new race track has been projected at Donaldsonville, under the most favorable auspices. Two or three gentlemen engaged in the enterprise are known to us not only as men of wealth and spirit, but as enjoying that station in society which will ensure to any project they may engage in, the hearty co-operation of the community in which they reside. The "Planter's Advocate" in noticing the fact, remarks, that "notwithstanding the design has been but a very short time on foot, over sixty most efficient subscribers have pledged themselves to carry out the undertaking. No place on the coast presents greater natural advantages for a race course than Donaldsonville; and when we take into consideration its proximity to the city, the fact of there being two first-rate hotels now kept there and the public spirit of its inhabitants, little doubt can exist of its ultimate success."

The Game Laws.—We invite attention to the following paragraphs from Thursday's "*American*," with the simple expression of our gratification that the Game Laws of New Jersey and our own State, have so staunch a supporter in the eminently gifted writer who presides over the columns of that journal.

"As the period approaches for woodcock shooting, poachers and purveyors for our city eating-houses are bestirring themselves to take time by the forelock.

"We caution all such, that there is a pretty good look-out kept upon unfair sportsmen—and that arrangements are made to prosecute every violation of the law that can be traced and proved.

"The period for shooting woodcock in this State is *from the 1st July to the 1st January*.

"In New Jersey it is *between the 5th July and the 1st January*. Of course, the 4th July is a forbidden day, and of this, those who are in the habit of shooting in the Jerseys should take notice, for at Newark, Elizabethtown, Rahway, Chatham, and elsewhere, associations have been formed, and vigilance committees appointed, to take care that the law be not violated. For *fourth of July shooters* there will be a special look-out."

RED HOUSE TROTTING COURSE.

We learn that the proprietor of this establishment proposes to give a purse every week for the encouragement of an improved breed of roadsters, having received assurances of a steady support. The campaign was commenced on Tuesday last, when a large number of amateurs and spectators were in attendance, notwithstanding it "rained like cats and dogs." The following report has been furnished:—

TUESDAY, June 18, 1839—Purse $30, free for all; weight 145lbs. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

Peter Wheelan's b. g. *Columbus*	1 1 1
S. Cooper's b. g. *Aaron Burr*	2 2 dr
C. Bertine's b. g. *Bull Calf*	dist.
C. Vorhees' b. m. *Mary Randolph*	dist.

Time, 2:43—2:45. Track very heavy.

The odds were 10 to 8 on the field vs. Columbus, who won cleverly. The entries were "old 'uns," their united ages being over *sixty years!* Immediately after this race, two matches were made on Columbus and Aaron Burr, for $200 aside each, to come off over the Centreville Course, L.I.—one on the 4th, and the other on the 11th of July. The first match mile heats, and the 2d two mile heats—to go in wagons, weight (driver's included) 400 pounds, in both instances.

Proposition for an American Derby and St. Leger Stake.

On more than one occasion we have asked why stakes in this country cannot be made perpetual, like the English Derby and St. Leger? Stake-races are growing in favor all over the Union, and on our principal courses we have annually a great variety. Half-a-dozen suggestions have been made upon the subject, but none, to our mind, at all comparable with the one subjoined from a distinguished Southern turfman, which is communicated in a private letter to the editor. We take the liberty of quoting a few paragraphs, and earnestly invite the attention of the Sporting World to these propositions as the result of much reflection upon the subject by a gentleman whose opinion is entitled to the utmost respect and consideration.

"You ask why our Stakes cannot be made perpetual, like the Derby and St. Leger?

"Simply because of the great extent of our country, its variety of climate, and the appalling difficulties of transporting race horses from the extremities to the centre. We are at present divided in two great racing communities, and it appears to me must necessarily continue so. The Atlantic States form one division, the Western and South-western States the other. Each of these divisions might have its Derby and its St. Leger, without great sacrifice, and under the hope of contributing something towards their establishment, I venture to make you the following suggestions:—

"Open two stakes in each division, one for yearlings, the other for foals of the present Spring, $2000 entrance, $500 ft., requiring subscribers to name a colt for both stakes. For the Atlantic States, let the first stake come off at Baltimore, on the day preceding the Fall meeting in 1842; the other in Charleston, on the day before their annual races, the winter following (Feb. 1844*), both stakes 4 mile heats. For obvious reason, Southern stables cannot be sent beyond Baltimore, which occupies to the North about the same relative position that Charleston does to the South.

"This appears to me as fair a compromise as can be offered. The facilities of reaching Baltimore from the North, and from all the racing points in Virginia, would, I suppose, render that location entirely satisfactory, so far as they are concerned. More than one gentleman from the ancient Dominion has demonstrated the practicability of travelling horses into the Carolinas and Georgia, and successfully competing for matches, sweepstakes, and purses. The same spirit of fairness and compromise should induce the gentlemen of the Western and South-western division to subscribe to two stakes also, and to run one in New Orleans, the other at Louisville, Nashville, or Lexington. If you can succeed in getting up these stakes, they could, I think, be perpetuated; a great National one cannot, because it involves too many sacrifices, to say nothing of the risk of crossing the mountains."

* The races take place in Charleston in February, and we date the age from May-day, so that a colt foaled Spring of 1839, will run in that place as a 4 yr. old in Feb. 1844.

LENGTH OF THE LOUISVILLE AND KENDALL COURSES.

We publish below a letter from a well known correspondent, on the length of the Oakland Course, at Louisville, Ky., and the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. Both tracks have been measured by the proper authorities, and their certificates published in this paper; but still, the time recently made upon them is so remarkable, that very many persons have been induced to believe that they are short of a full mile in extent. We are much more inclined to believe the timers themselves in error than that the tracks are short; but in the matter of the Kendall Course, we are confident the time reported at the last meeting was correct, for half a dozen gentlemen who held watches were known to us as experienced timers, and they rarely varied the fraction of a second. Still we recommend both Mr. Kendall and Mr. Oliver to have their respective tracks re-measured, for the *suspicion* of their being less than a mile in circuit, (even if entirely groundless,) will detract as much from any performance made upon them as if they were acknowledged to be short.

The writer of the letter, signed "*Christopher Credulous*," accompanied it with an explanatory note to the editor, a portion of which we quote, but in introducing it, we take occasion to remark, that any incredulity expressed by Mr. Credulous in relation to the time made by Lady Cliffden and Boston over the Union Course is entirely gratuitous; the track is well known to be six feet over a mile, and it is equally well known that there are more scientific practical timers here than in the whole country together:—

"The object of the article by "*Christopher Credulous*" is to shew the absurdity of the proprietors of courses and others, vaunting the great time made upon them, and not furnishing *conclusive* evidence of their measurement, when there are such grounds for doubting their length. I well recollect the boasted races at Norfolk: Andrew's and Collier's 2d heat of four miles in 7:40; Betsey Ransom's three four mile heats there, *averaging less than* 7:50; Polly Hopkins' *two* races at 3:42, &c., but it *afterwards* appeared the course was 100 yards or so less than a mile. It may be the Kentucky horses are *faster* than all others in the country, according to the running of 1 and 2 mile heats at Oakland Course; but they do not bring their four miles within the forties *yet*. I can't, however, believe the course is a full mile; if so, I must doubt the time. I *saw* a gentlemen here, of no small acuteness, hold his watch and state Boston had run his four mile heat in 7:53, and the last mile, the course heavy too, in 1:45! and the two last miles in 3:45; which last may have been *possible*. On the same occasion I *saw* Mr. K——l holding his watch in his hand, a few seconds after the heat was over, and state the heat was run in 7:50, the last mile in 1:55 (the best mile in Eclipse's race on the same course), and the two last miles in 3.52, very good time too for the state of the course. 'Doctors differ.'

"I see no reason for doubting that *Boston* is as good a race horse as we have *ever* had. He could not have been right when he ran his match, or he would have made Rocker's time *at least*, that *had been surpassed* on the same course. If Kendall's course be a mile, *Reliance* has beat Portsmouth's and Boston's time *all hollow*. I can't believe it.

"The get of *imported* horses won all the races at the late Fredericksburg meeting; and the *English bred* colts have done well, though there may have been some disappointment as to the 3 yr. old Chateau's and Tranby's. In Kentucky the Medocs and Woodpeckers, it seems, take the lead at all distances. A toss up between them. The former has the advantage of more remote crosses of good stock. *Another* winner there of the union of the Eclipse and Rattler *families*, as well as at Nashville."

Dear Sir,—I'm apt to believe what I see *in print*. I had almost brought myself to believe General Jackson, the great hero of New Orleans, to be the greatest hero that "ever swam down the tide of time," as a great orator said, and that Washington, Wellington, and Napoleon were nothing to him, because I read printed speeches that said so; and that at New Orleans he had licked the "Wellingtonian Conquerors *at Waterloo*," and should never have doubted it, had I not afterwards read in a book that the "Waterloo defeat" was *after* that at New Orleans. So I found there are sometimes mistakes *in print*. And as to our wonderful fast running race horses that beat all nature, I had never doubted anything I had seen printed about them:—that Robin Hood ran a mile in 1:46—Sorrow and Czarina two miles (a 2d heat, too,) in 3:43—Balie Peyton three miles in 5:44—and since, on the same course, and *also* a 2d heat, Argyle and Wonder in 5:40—Boston the first three miles of a 4 mile heat, in 5:36½—Henry 4 miles in 7:37, and Lady Cliffden a 2d heat of 4 miles in 7:43½! These astonishing feats of speed—nor those at short distances, 1, 2, and 3 heats, on the Louisville Course, Kentucky—especially Grey Eagle's and Maria Duke's races, and *now* Minstrel's, I have never doubted, as they are well attested. But notwithstanding all my credulity, I very much doubt whether Capt. Oliver's or Mr. Kendall's courses can be a full mile, and shall continue to doubt it until I see published a certified copy of certificates, furnished by sworn measurers of known character and competency. I do not question Mr. Kendall's intention to be correct, but merely the fact. It is indeed strange, "passing strange," that three such *prodigies*, for three successive days, should have borne away the palm in such unprecedented time (the two last days) as achieved by Vashti, Argyle, and Reliance.* Above all, the extraordinary race won by the almost matchless son of Autocrat, eclipses nearly anything of the kind—winning a *third* heat two seconds faster than Portsmouth's and Boston's second heat 3:48, the best in their match, which was *only the average speed of Reliance's eight miles*, that were run in 15:12—an average of 7:36 for each four miles! 14 *seconds better than Eclipse and Henry's best eight miles!* Can any horse run four full two mile heats in 3:50—3:49†—3:46, and 3:52? Credat Judeus! non ego. Though I can believe a good deal, I must doubt this.

Christopher Credulous.

* However, in justice to Reliance, it must be borne in mind, that Julia Burton (own sister to Veto and Tyrant, fast horses) had run shortly before, a good second to Balie Peyton's 3:45, a second heat, in the best time at Fairfield for near 40 years, since Gallatin's 3:43, a second heat too.

† The 2d and 3d heats, in Reliance's race, 3:49—3:46, added together, make *four miles run in* 7:25! Yet we learn that he ended the race without an effort, throwing The Captain and Clara Howard entirely in the shade. Theirs were 1st and 2d heats.

MATCH RACE, $2000 ASIDE!

Fayette (Mo.), May 31, 1839.

Wm. T. Porter, Esq.: Sir,—The long agony is over—"the child is named!"—the great match of four mile heats, for $2000 aside, between Messrs D. F. Cooper's & D. Kemkle's g. h. *Duke Sumner* and Col. S. W. Patten's ch. h. *Ben Franklin*, came off over the Fayette Course on the 29th inst.

These two horses had been looked upon as the great champions of the "far West," and the amount at risk, together with the reputation at stake, created an unusual degree of interest and excitement.

Franklin had been purchased at the figure of $5000, immediately after his celebrated 7:53 race last Spring, over the St. Louis Course; and as soon as the campaign of last Fall was over, challenged the world to meet him on the Fayette Course, for $5000 aside, four mile heats. Duke Sumner had proved himself to be everything but an "easy customer" at two and three mile heats, and although his spirited owners were willing to have passed Franklin by, yet their breathing was not so "free and deep" under the pressure of the Colonel's challenge as they could have wished; and on the 4th of March last closed the match for $2000 aside, $1500 ft.

Although it rained in torrents for a week up to two days before the race, our town was, nevertheless, literally crowded with visitors from all quarters, and from all distances. The day was fine, the air was cold, and the track, though conceded by every one to be a miserable one for quick time, was apparently fine and light. The course was thronged doubly beyond anything ever witnessed in this country. It is thought that not less than three thousand persons were present. The betting was lively, and about equal, until near the time of starting, when the friends of Franklin began to grow fearful of not getting their cash bet, and offered $100 to $75 and $80, which was freely taken.

At about half past twelve they got off; the Duke rode by Bob Glover, Franklin by his old jockey, Jim Frost. The Duke had the track, which he gave up without an effort in the first quarter. The first mile was "all wait"—in the second the Duke became impatient, and "without leave," snatched the bit, and shot by his antagonist like a bird. Bob, however, pulled him up, and again placed him in the rear, and there kept him until they had gone half way in the third mile, here the Duke came up, and a sharp rally ensued. It was now anybody's race. "Go it, my Duke,"—"Hurra, my Frank," was the cry from a thousand tongues.

On the part of Franklin the struggle was desperate, every nerve was exerted, and the persuaders freely used, but it wouldn't all do, the Duke shook him off without an effort, and came home in 8:10, amidst the shouts of the great multitude.

Both horses cooled off well, and came up for the second heat in fine condition. The Duke again having the track, now led off from the stand, and maintained his position from end to end, making the heat in 8:08. The 2d and 3d miles in both heats were run in 3:56.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Match, $2000 aside, $1500 ft. Four mile heats.

Cooper & Kemkle's gr. h. *Duke Sumner*, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, 6 yrs., 114lbs	1	1
Col. T. W. Patten's ch. h. *Ben Franklin*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, aged, 120lbs	2	2

Time, 8:10—8:08.

F.

LETTER FROM A TENNESSEE BREEDER.

Gallatin (Tenn.), 1839.

Friend P.—I have been reading the "great Spirit," and have come to the conclusion that all dyspeptics—indeed, the whole melancholy genus—ought to take it, as well as every man who has a taste for any kind of sport. "Handy Andy," "Pete Whetstone," and such chaps, are better for the spleen than the Blue pill. The portrait of Augusta will play the devil with all old bachelors, causing every one of them to commit matrimony. Sir, you have done as much "to replenish the earth" as the gentlemen merchants who, under the colonial government, imported and sold so many young ladies.

When a schoolboy, I was once so badly lost, I did not know my school-path; and now when I take up your "monster," I am frequently so confused, I do not know my own pieces. As the man who had nine yards put in one shirt said—"It is the daddy" of all papers that ever I saw.

Do you think *Hector* will win the mammoth stake? If the Priam and Archy cross suits, Isabella's produce will prove to be the *Swartwout* of that party, in my opinion. She is better than Henry Clay's rifle—she has never snapped *even once*, bating accidents, of course. If Black Maria was with foal by *Hedgeford*, it would be a plain case. I am afraid she and Luzborough will botch their work in the shoulders and pasterns. There is a mare by Stockholder, called Betsey Saunders (out of Patty Puff's own sister—*the Augusta of her species*), that would make her owner rich if bred to *Leviathan*.

I am authorized, in the name of the Gallatin Jockey Club, to subscribe $100 for Edgar's *Stud Book*. Neither ambition, nor patriotism, those two powerful spurs to human action, will make him publish it, and therefore every Club in the United States ought to subscribe for it, and remove this *home eclipse* at once. Sir Patrick is as misanthropic as Diogenes himself. If he does not publish his book, I wish he may be doomed to the life of the latter (living in a tub), without enjoying his fame.

I hereby inform all parties to the $1000 stake to be run at Gallatin in the Fall of 1840, that it is unnecessary to go to any expense in training for that stake, for *my losses* in the last two years give me a *clear title* to it; if they do not, my filly *does*. She is the second edition of Angora, "*improved* and *corrected*." It is not on the die to beat her; and then her name, sir, what can beat it?—*Celerity!*

There are a great many race horses (covered ones, I should have said) in training in Tennessee this Spring; and as to stallions, they are as "plenty as blackberries." *Marshal Ney*, in my opinion, has been a buried diamond; if he does not get four milers, then "blood will *not* tell," nor form neither. He is own brother to Patty Cairy (query, Paddy Carey?), the gamest of the game. If the get of *Priam* does not win the *National*, then he is not *prime*, as one of our horse men calls him. Hector is a splendid colt, but to me, that is an unlucky name; I always think about the dragging of the dead body of the immortal hero whenever his name is mentioned.

What a pity it is that breeders will train their 2 yr. olds. I have never known a two year old stake run without more than half the entries being splinted, bucked, or lamed in some way, "Experience is a *dear school*, but f—ls will be taught in no other." I have known more promising ones ruined at 2 years old than I ever knew of all ages put together.

There is now standing in Gallatin a brown horse, 16¼ hands high, got by Sir Charles; he was bred by Ewd. Friend, of Chesterfield Co., Va., and was trained at 2 yrs. old by Col. Wm. R. Johnson; he was then called *Sir Stephen*. Can any one give the entire pedigree of his dam? The above horse ran the best four mile race last Fall here I ever witnessed, considering his condition, for he had not a whole and sound bone, sinew, or muscle, in his whole skin at the time; yet he made good time for the course, and gave the best four mile Leviathan (the Queen of Trumps) I have seen, a very hard and hotly contested race on *every inch* of the ground, until his rider, by mistake, pulled him up at the end of the seventh mile; he made fourteen brushes, of 600 yards

each, all *nearer alike* than ever I saw made by any other horse under the same circumstances. He is as good a four mile model as old Betsey Malone, the very "glass of fashion." If he is thorough-bred, I had as soon breed from him as any untried stallion in the world.

The Kentuckians have a choice selection of stallions: Hedgeford, among the best of Filho da Puta's sons (Filho was the old Sir Archy of England), Mingo, (the best son of the hardest bottomed horse of his day), and Bertrand Jr., the best son of Bertrand. Is it not something remarkable that *all the sons* of old Transport (she who brought Haney's Maria "to a strict account for her honors") should have proved themselves good, and most of them first rate stock horses? The Kentuckians, in a few years, will have a great many race horses, if they have good mares; but most of them think but *lightly of blood*. There are two things they ought to quit using—*slow watches*, and describing their stallions in such extravagant terms, that their nearest neighbors are not able to *recognise them!* They disguise them completely.

Whenever you publish such articles as "Handy Andy," you ought to draw attention to them by an editorial paragraph. Yours truly, T. B.

COLUMBUS (Miss.) SPRING RACES.

COLUMBUS, May 28, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—Having never seen in your valuable paper, any notice taken of races run over the *Hyde Park Course*,* I am induced to give an idea (however faint it may be) of the sports of the week just ended. This I know should be the duty of editors of newspapers published in our city, but from this source there is no hope, as we have waited in vain upon them for three years past, and they are now so far behind the time—to say nothing of "the *spirit* of it,"—that they can't tell "a hawk from a handsaw," or say "boo to a goose," except it is to each other about once a week, or as often as their papers appear, so that it would be unreasonable to expect any thing else, just at this time.

I will commence by telling you where and how the Hyde Park Course is situated, so that accounts of racing now and hereafter done upon this track, may be more intelligible to the reader. It is about one mile from town, on the right hand side of the road leading to Tuscaloosa; its shape is an oblong parallelogram, with semi-circular turns at the north and south ends; the whole circumference is one mile (to a fraction), measuring three feet from the inside paling. The ground on which the track is located is a sandy loam, and the surface differs but slightly from a level; there is a slight but gradual elevation towards the south end. This track is considered by turfmen as a "slow-un." The Judges' and Grand Stands are at the termination of the quarter stretch, and within one hundred yards of the north turn; the former is on the inside, and the latter on the outside of the track, facing each other. Now to the work.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Richard H Long's ch. f. *Lorinda*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	1	1
Head & Smith's ch. h. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lilac's dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 3:57—4:00.

Up to the start there was but little interest evinced by the spectators as to the result of this race, judging from the indisposition to bet, or even *to banter*, which you must know is not often the case with us Mississippians, for we will talk "large," whether we have anything to go on or not. At the word, both went off in good style, and at a brisk pace, Tishimingo taking the lead by about two lengths; this position was maintained around the north turn, and until they had fairly entered upon the back stretch, when Lorinda challenged, and run up to his girth; the rider finding she had the heels of him, was satisfied to keep the place he had taken whilst in that stretch, but on rounding the south turn he let out another link, and changed positions with his antagonist, when they both made strong running down the quarter stretch, the horse hanging on to Lorinda's flank with much tenacity, evidently trying hard to regain his old position, but it would not do, for after entering upon the back stretch of the second mile, the filly shook him off with ease, and won the heat under a pull. The second heat was won by Lorinda with more ease than the first; the horse coming up to the Judges' Stand evidently much distressed.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

John H. Walker's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	1	1
R. H. Long's (J. S. Preston's) Imp. ch. c. *Sorrow*, by Defence, out of Tears by Woful, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 5:55.

As soon as the entries were announced in the club room, the betting commenced on a large scale by the owners of the horses, showing in the most conclusive manner to the spectators, that they had the utmost confidence in their respective entries, as well they might, for Mary Jones had run some seventeen three and four mile races within the limits of our state, and lost but one out of the number, and that through an accident; and Sorrow having ran twice this season against Colonel Tayloe's stable, with the most brilliant success. The fact of Col. Long being a denizen of our town, the citizens of course wanted his entry to win, and backed their judgment to any amount they could procure, which fortunately for them was not half as much as they were willing to go, owing to the fact that but few of the turfmen from the middle or lower parts of the state were present; there were enough, however, to accommodate a majority of those that evinced *great anxiety* to spread their "pewter" on the occasion, showing them, by their *spirit of accommodation*, that they could make them *sup*, as well as *see* "Sorrow," judging from the number of *Long* faces that were visible after they heard the news. Amongst the backers of Sorrow, we discovered an old veteran that once hailed from the good old North state, who for some years past has turned his attention from raising stocks of horses to raising *stalks of cotton*, in the vicinity of our town; still, although his mind is off the turf, he attends our races regularly, proving conclusively, for the thousandth and one time, *the old saw*, that blood will tell in the long run, particularly *the Archy*; the old gentleman was induced to go an extra V on the judgment of Henry Curtis, the trainer, who is a chip of the old block, *what* used to train over the "New-hope" (N. C.) in days "lang syne," who, it is said, tipped him (the old gentlemen) the wink, Sorrow was "pinted up" to the right notch—so he went it. But to the race. All were on the *qui vive* when the horn blew for the horses to make their appearance, that they might see with their own eyes the conqueror of so many fields. Upon the horses being stripped we heard our friend S. say to some of the knowing ones, that they had "*pinted him* (Sorrow) *up*" about one notch too low; that is, that he was too weak for a horse of his rate of going, and was so confident in his opinion, that he backed his judgment, by not only "standing up to his fodder" (as we Mississippians say), but by going *the corn* also, to the tune of five hundred bushels, which by the way did not come amiss to the winner, who is a mail contractor on a large scale. At the word, they both went off at a tremendous pace, and ran head and head around the north turn, but, upon entering the back stretch, Sorrow drew out about two lengths ahead, and kept his place the whole of the back and quarter stretches, both going by the Judges' Stand in beautiful style, and at a rattling pace, having completed the first mile in 1:50. They swung around the north turn and the greater part of the back stretch in the same position that they passed the Judges' Stand. We heard a knowing one say, that he knew by the wag of the colt's head that he began to falter; this, in an instant afterwards, we were convinced of, for Mary's rider, perceiving it, made a rush at and passed him at the south turn, amid the deafening shouts of her backers. They came thundering down the quarter stretch a second time, and passed the Judges' Stand about two lengths apart, Mary still leading. On going round the north turn a third time, it became very evident that there was something very seriously wrong with the colt, as he began to make lee way fast, and continued to do so up to the end of the race. Upon coming to the stand it was discovered that he had let down, much to the regret of all present, who could not but admire the performance of the noble animal up to the time the accident occurred. Sorrow being withdrawn, the race was of course declared in favor of Mary Jones.

THURSDAY, May 23—Jockey Club Purse $700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Messrs. Head & Smith's b. m. *Frances Tyrrel*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs	1	1
William G. Haun's b. h. *High Way*, by Bertrand, out of the dam of Tarlton,	2	dist.
Rich. H. Long's Imp. ch. m. *Lakeness*, by Peter Lely, 5 yrs	3	dist.

Time, 8:01—2d, no time kept.

This was a race of very little interest, it being ascertained that Frances Tyrrel was in fine plight, and the other two in very poor condition; there was consequently no betting. The result was such as was anticipated, for the favorite won the first heat in a canter, and distanced the field in the second.

FRIDAY, May 24—Purse $300, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Messrs. Head & Smith's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Boaster, 4 yrs	1	1	1
David Connor's b. f. by Wild Bill, 4 yrs	2	2	2
Richard H. Long's ch. m. *Lorinda*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	3	dist.

Time, 1:52—1:53—1:50.

There was no betting upon this race, as every one appeared to know that the Captain was certain to win it; this turned out to be the case, for he won every heat with the greatest ease. In justice to Lorinda, it is necessary to state that her owner merely entered her to make the field look more respectable, being satisfied that he stood no chance for the money, as she had not recovered from the effects of her race two days previously.

SATURDAY, May 25—Purse $300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Messrs. Head & Smith's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1
John H. Walker's *Euclid*, by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs	2	2
David Connor's *Taladega*, by Wild Bill, 4 yrs	3	3
Richard H. Long's *Rasp*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Director, 5 yrs		dist.

No time given.

There was much interest taken in this race, owing to the variety of bets that were made on the result. Some bet freely on the Luzborough colt winning the first heat; some went it on the Taladega filly's beating the Luzborough the second heat, whilst a constitutional majority of the crowd went it *perfectly blind*, with good money against "Snag," Caledonia, Brandon, or any thing else that bore the appellation of *Bank notes*, on the Captain, although he was in very bad order from the effects of the race run the day previous. At the word, they went off well together, all well in hand, but had not travelled far before the Captain concluded to quit the company, and commenced cutting out the work for the rest, which he did so effectually, that he took the brush out of all his competitors in the first mile, which no doubt they intended making at the last quarter; he won this and the next heat with ease.

Notwithstanding the excessive heat of the weather, (the thermometer ranging from 85 to 90 degrees in the shade,) the attendance during the week was quite numerous on the part of the gentlemen, amongst whom we observed Gen. SAML. HOUSTON, ex-President of Texas, who, we are informed, was elected an honorary member of the Club. We regret, however, that we cannot give a favorable account of the punctual attendance of the ladies, who, dear creatures, could not venture out for the world in the scorching hot sun, lest, perchance, they might be induced to laugh, and thereby run the risk of having their pretty little teeth sun-burnt. They need not be quite so apprehensive on this score hereafter, as, for their special accommodation, the managers of the Club have determined on holding their semi-annual meetings earlier in the Spring, and later in the Fall in future.

Much praise is due to our enterprising townsman P. B. STARK, Esq., manager of the course, for the exertions which he has used in bringing the *Hyde Park Course* to its present fine condition; everything about it bears evidence that there is one at the helm of affairs who is familiar with all things connected with *Sports of the Turf*, and who does not throw his information away. It may be safely stated that there is no race course in the Union in finer order, or conducted with more general satisfaction to all parties than this course has been since it came under the exclusive control of the present Jockey Club. That the Club may continue to merit the praise that is now justly due them, is the sincere wish of Your very obed't serv't, A TURFMAN.

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) SPRING RACES.

Those "infatuated individuals" who imagine the reports of races published in this paper are furnished in the "apple-pie order" in which they appear, with the weights, ages, pedigrees, colors, etc. complete and uniform, are herewith presented with a specimen of the *raw material*, from which such reports are compiled. When we have leisure, we shall lick it into shape:—

SPRING MEETING
OVER THE SAINT LOUIS RACE COURSE,
Commenced om Monday, the 13th inst.

FIRST DAY—Trotting Race, purse $150.—Two mile heats.

R. O'Blennis enters gray horse Moon Eye	1	1
S. Dubois " sorrel " Macbeth	2	dist
B. Alexander " black mare	dist	

Time, 6 45—6 34.

SECOND DAY—Mile heats purse $100.

Shacklett and Lane's ch h Mortimer	2	1	1
C. Chouteau's s h Ploughboy	1	2	2

Time—2 1—2 1—2 16.

Same day—Trotting match for $100—aside.

R. O'Blennis' g h Moon Eye	1	1
J. Calvert's bl h Merrimack	2	2

Time—6 30—6 26.

THIRD DAY—Two mile heats—purse $200.

Shacklett and Lane's bl m Bonny Black	1	
James Bissell's bay colt Black Jack	*dis	

Time—4 10.

* The colt Black Jack was distanced in consequence of bolting and jumping a fence.

FOURTH DAY—Three mile heats—purse $300.

T. B. Scruggs ch mare Hebe	1	1
Shacklett and Lane's blk mare Ethiopia	2	2

Time—6 1—6.

A very pretty and well contested race, although it was the first three mile race Ethiopia ever made, having even on this occasion been trained for shorter heats, which made Hebe the favorite at odds.

FIFTH DAY—Four mile heats, purse $400.

T. B. Scruggs' bay horse Little Barton.

The above being the only entry, walked over and received the purse.

The proprietor rather than suffer the public to be disappointed, in not seeing a race this day, offered a purse of $60 for 1 mile heats, for which the following entries were made, and it was a well contested race and caused general satisfaction.

W. Martin's blk colt Peacemaker	1	1
C. Chouteau's sh h Plough Boy	2	2
J. White—blk colt Dr. Thompson	*dist	

* The above colt bolted.

Time—2 1—1 58.

SIXTH DAY—mile heats best 3 and 5 purse $100.

Mr. Willey's sorrel h Boxer	1	1	1
W. Martin's blk colt Peacemaker	2	2	2
J. White's do Dr. Thompson			drawn

Time 1 58—1 57—1 54.

This afforded a great deal of amusement and was well contested, although Boxer was the favorite. The weather was fine during the whole week and the track in good order. It is calculated to increase the purses considerably by the next fall, to induce other stables to visit us, of which due notice shall be given.

BENJ. AMES, Proprietor and Secretary.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

In last week's paper was given the result of the week's racing up to Friday; the race of Saturday, and the placing of the horses in the four mile race is subjoined:

FRIDAY, June 7—Purse $1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	1	1		
W. Viley's (R. Mosby's) ch. c. *Mercer*, by Woodpecker, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	3	2		
James Shy's ch. h. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 5 yrs	5	3		
Dr. L. Sanders' b. c. *Ben Dudley*, by Bertrand, out of Lady Gray by Robin Grey, 4 y.	4	4		
S. Burbridge's b. h. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey, 5 yrs	2	*		

Time, 7:50—7:38. * Tarlton broke down.

The Louisville City Gazette, after describing the race, adds:—

"The assembly on the race course was more numerous and fashionable than on any previous day—the array of female beauty in the members' stand shedding a lustre and animation over the scene, which nothing but such charms can yield. There must have been at least 2000 persons present to witness the race. Betting, from the previous evening, had been brisk on Tarlton against the field."

SATURDAY, June 8—Purse $250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. Viley's (T. J. Young's) ch. m. *Mary Porter*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Printer, 5 yrs	1	1	1
S. Burbridge's (J. K. Grigsby's) ro. f. *Roanna*, by Arcny Montorio, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	2	2	2

Time, 1:52—1:53—1:56.

The editor cannot suffer this occasion to pass, without expressing a degree of surprise at the peculiar ideas of reciprocity entertained by the proprietor of the Oakland Course and the Secretary of the Club. *N'importe*—its worth something to know who's who.

CYNTHIANA (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

In our last we gave the result of the first two days, and now add that of the remainder of the meeting:—

FRIDAY, May 31—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Jas. J. Allen's b. c. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	1	1
Reason Jordan's ro. g. *Blue Ruin*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 5 yrs	4	2
Capt. R. Burbridge's b. c. *Jim Crow*, by Cherokee, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs	3	3
G. Coffin's (V. Collin's) b. h. by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 4:02—3:59½.

SATURDAY, June 1—Purse $25, conditions as before. Mile heats.

G. Coffin's b. h. by Brunswick, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	1
Capt. R. Burbridge's b. m. by Plato, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:54.

HUNTSVILLE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

The annexed report is compiled from one given in the "Southern Advocate," an excellent weekly journal published at Huntsville:—

WEDNESDAY, May 29, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. —— subs. at $200 each, $50 ft. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Tinsley Davis' Napoleon mare	1	1
John Connally's c. by Editor, out of the dam of Little Red	2	2

Time, 1:50—1:52.

THURSDAY, May 30—Sweepstakes for 3 and 4 yr. old colts and fillies, weights as before for 3 yr. olds—4 yr. old colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. —— subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Nat. Terry's ch. c. *Santee*, by Wild Bill, out of Sally McGee, 4 yrs	1	1
John Connally's gr. m. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2	2
Boardman & McLaran's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Imp. Design by Tramp, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 3:50—3:50½.

FRIDAY, May 31—Purse $——, free for all ages, 3 and 4 yr. olds to carry weight as before, 5 yrs., 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 3 yrs	1	1
Boardman & McLaran's *Jack Downing*, by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs	3	2
N. Terry's (Thomas Travis') ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of Greytail, 3 yrs	2	3

Time not given.

(A "Citizen's Plate," three mile heats, advertised for this day, was not run for.)

SATURDAY, June 1—Purse $200, entrance $50 each, added; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1
Wm. H. Gee's b. g. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	3	2
John Connally's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	3

Time not given.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match $500 aside.—Maj. Wm. Fleming's ch. h. *Mark*, by Wild Bill, vs. Boardman & McLaran's b. h. *Jack Downing*, by Pacific. Won by Jack Downing. No other particulars received.

MR. EDGAR'S STUD BOOK.

For several years past the editor of this paper has endeavored by every exertion in his power to advance the interest of Mr. Edgar, and the same may be said of a great number of gentlemen connected with the Turf. For some reason, however, Mr. Edgar has adopted a very narrow and mistaken policy with regard to the publication of the 2d volume of his work, the consequence of which has been to utterly disgust the public generally, and to excite a coolness on the part of his friends. We conceive his work to be one of vast utility, and it will give us great pleasure to aid the compiler by any means in our power, but having admitted into our pages article after article in favor of his Stud Book, we cannot well refuse the insertion of one on the other side of the question, from a gentleman well known to the sporting world on both sides of the Atlantic.

Dear Sir,—I see much anxiety expressed in your "Spirit" for the publication of the 2d volume of Sir P. N. EDGAR's Stud Book, and many plans offered to bring about that event. Permit me, Sir, to congratulate you and the public on their impracticability and failure, and I shall hold myself under the highest obligations to that man who may suggest any plan that shall not only prevent its publication, but suppress the volume already out.

I know Sir Patrick well; he has devoted much time, and expense too, to the collection of *materiel*; but much is false, much utterly useless, and the balance, by far the smallest portion, is like a few grains of wheat in a measure of chaff—not worth the search.

I do not mean to charge Sir P. with intending to mislead, but the errors of the work are calculated to mislead; and if, unfortunately, at some future time, it should be appealed to as authority, it must mislead those who trust in it, as if proved to be false, it will impair the value of all recorded pedigrees. The credulity of Sir P. has been most grossly imposed upon in many instances, and many others, perhaps true in the abstract, are of no value, as no stock has descended from them in the United States; these swell the book far beyond its proper size, and lessen the authenticity and value of the balance.

Now, Sir, my proposition is, that you, or some one connected with the Turf and the press, purchase all those materials at this time unpublished, and the copyright of the first volume—place them in the hands of some gentleman, or gentlemen, whose knowledge of the blood stock of England and America may enable them to make such a selection from the whole work as may give us a Stud Book that all may confide in.

Sir P. has threatened that if proper encouragement is not held out to him, the materials of the 2d volume shall be buried, where no one shall find them, in an Irish bog. As I am interested in blood stock of the right sort, and, therefore, wish only the most correct information disseminated on that subject, I hereby offer to subscribe $50 towards the purchase of his papers and copyright, to carry out my plan for their publication; but if this cannot be done, I will pay $25 to have the first volume sunk in the bog with the 2d, and trust to the Turf Register, with all its errors, as this, in time, we may correct, but a Stud Book once published, its errors will hardly ever be corrected. Yours, A.

"HATEFUL" IN BOSTING.

ANOTHER INTERCEPTED LETTER TO KURNEL WHETSTONE.

The people down in the old Bay State have "waked up," and they are detarmined to keep their rights and priviliges clean as a whistle. There aint no folks more redy to go agin wickedness than we be, but I'll be bung'd if these ere *Phanytikal's* is a goin to "druv us all round." Spose we are a mind to gin up calling for strong drink, why then it is ezy enuf to do it; but for a man to be told he sails under a *free flag*, and you are forbid by law to take a drink, *or sell* it, "is a leetle tuch above the vulger," and by Gosh, we won't stand it.

You may have heard afore this, how we are gittin together in putty large piles, but we sha'nt du nothin rash nor hasty, but consider the matter all over, and see if we aint a goin to have our own way. It's a putty serious infringement, I tell yu, and if one inch is gin up, why tother will go slick enuf, wen they git 'em hold. You've bin in our city, and know whar the old "Kradel" is; it's the same old one into wich they put the Baby afore the Revolution, and rocked him till he got so big, that one day, the nurse wouldn't give him sumthen, and the pesky critter gut up and quit old mother, bags and baggage; the nurse and mother made a fuss but 'twant no use; he found out what liberty was, and he stud to it, *and he will* till heaven and earth cum together.

Well, I menshuned old Funnel, only to show you how the boys du now. It's a queer kind of feelin, and sumthen I don't understand; but there's a sort of a kind of a kumfut, or sumthin, any how; maybe, like a feller who's afraid he can't pay his notes, and goes home to his wife and puts his hed down in her lap; sighs, and tells her just how he's sitiated. The good critter (*Yankee wives beat all natur*) says a word or tu, which puts new life into you, kulls your brain, opens your eyes, braces your nerves, gives you a clear view of your case, brings your teeth firmly together, clenches your hands, and compels you to utter even through your teeth, I'll be d—d if I gin it up! Sum folks leave out the wicked words, but he's a plagy coul crittur who can du it, when you meddle with that ar' fruit planted up to Lexington. Well, as I said afore, they always go doun to the old Kradul when anything worries 'em, and take kumfut, and I tell you not to believe nothin till I write you, koz people tattle; but taint no use, we know what we are about, and the Lancers and Trainers aint worth tu cents worth of gingerbread, except to lend us their guns and help us out, if the devlish fuls go tu far. Please to believe we don't like hard drinkin or devilry but we will buy, sell, or drink,—where, how, or when we wish, and will never tolerate a Law, that shall interfere in our real or imagined private wants. You'll here agin from HATEFUL W.

* Our correspondent should read "the Spirit" more thoroughly; the Spring and Fall races at Columbus in 1837 and 1838, were published in this paper, and also the Fall meeting in 1836.—*Editor.*

THE BULL FIGHT OF VALENCIA.

These strictly national and highly popular shows are here undertaken by the Hospital. It buys the bulls, collects the fighters (quadrillas), and, generally, combines the exhibition with the other festivities of the feast of Corpus Christi. Six weeks beforehand, nothing else is spoken of; and the night when the bulls are driven into the city from Rincon de Los Marlises, a district on the Turia, is an occasion of unlimited rejoicing. Each bull has a name given him, and careful enquiries are made as to what breeding ground they come from. Little cards are prepared for the benefit of the *afficimados*, as those are called who are enthusiasts in the amusement, on which they mark with a pen the wounds a bull receives, the number of picadures and banderillos, and if he stands the first or second stab of the matador. My readers have read, of course, many accounts of those spectacles; but I wish to invite them to be present themselves at the scene, and, therefore, I choose the dramatic form—Vamos!

THE CURTAIN RISES.

The bright sun of the twentieth July illumines a large and tastefully built wooden amphitheatre. On benches, chairs, and in boxes (tertullias) sit ten thousand people. Time—a quarter to two o'clock. Exposed to the heat of the sun are the work-people, fishermen, sailors, and perhaps two thousand labradores, for every village of the Huerto has poured out its population, and many have come even from Marviedro and S. Felipe. The more respectable spectators sit under shelter. The female rank and beauty of Valencia, richly dressed in their national costume, fill the boxes. Cortejos move about in all directions with refreshments. The heat intolerable, the amphitheatre as full as it can hold, for a detachment of hulans have just cleared the circus. An old woman makes a rush to the door Universal uproar, hissing and whistling.

"Ah la viejah! (out! out!)—Chi! chi! vaga! vaga!"

"Silencio! silencio! chi!"

Hideous noises and stamping with the feet.

"Silencio! chi!"

Great barrels are brought in on cars, and, by means of long leather tubes, the circus is well watered. The corregidor appears in his box.

Many voices. "Viva! viva! viva!"

Others. "Chi! chi!—he's always too late."

"Viva! chi! chi!"

"Es un afrancesado! silencio! carai!"

"Chi! chi! silencio!"

The sellers of refreshments clamber everywhere; one stands on my shoulder.

Voices. "Orgiata quien? Quiere orgiata? [Who'll buy?] Agua! agua! fria la agua!—Quien quiere aqua?"

Many voices. "No hay plaza!" [no room here.]

"Agua fria! Fria la agua!—a—gu—a!"

A sudden uproar, mingled with whistling and hissing. One of the directors of the fight, dressed in flaming red, enters, followed by eight servitors in uniform, with daggers and bonnets. He proceeds to the box of the corregidor, and is about to read the laws of the fight.

All the labradors. "Fuera! [out!] Fuera con el cangrejo!" [Out with the lobster! out! out!]

The nobility in the tertullias. "Silencio, caballeros!"

Great rattles are sounded from all quarters.

"Fuera! fuera! vaga! vaga! chi! chi! ya empezon! [they're beginning!] Agua fria! orgi—a—a—ta! fuera! silencio! chi! chi!"

Several thousand magnificent fans are constantly in motion.

Chorus of ladies. "O! que calor!" [how hot it is!]

"Orgia—ta! fuera!—chi! chi!"—[Three thousand whistles—fifteen hundred rattles.] "Off! off!"

The unhappy official, against whom all these noises are directed, walks quietly off with his attendants.

All the snobs. "Bien! bien! vaga ustedes! bien!"

One with stentorian voice. "Ah los cuervos! [the crows.]

Chorus of snobs. "Los cuervos! malditos sean los cuervos!"

The nobles. "Silencio, caballeros!"

The ladies. "Oh Dios! que gente!" [what people!]

The cathedral clock strikes two.

"Silencio—o—o—o!"

Immediate stillness—expectation.

The corregidor throws a key to another of the directors, who lets it fall.

Snobs. "Chi! chi!—hiss—s—s—s—mal hecho!" [ill done.]

Many voices. "He can't get the key!"

Thousands. "Reventete, grulla!" [burst, crane!]

The nobles. "Silencio, senors! silencio!"

The ladies. "O que gente! que gente!—que calor!—O Dios!"

The director stands at the door that leads to the place where the bulls are kept.

A voice. "Stand up, grulla! Silencio!"

A trumpet sounds. Deep silence.

The opposite door is thrown open, and, amid innumerable vivas, enter the quadrilla de toreros [quadrille of the bull-fighters.]

All. "Chi! viva! viva! Viva Montes el divino." [the godlike Montes.]

The nobles. "Viva la estrella de Sevilla!" [the star of Seville.]

All. "Viva! viva! viva!"

The matadors, otherwise called espadas, or swordsmen, pass in front of the quadrilla. The four banderilleros follow; then six capistos and chulos, with cloths and red flags; then the picadors, on horses covered with yellow leather and iron, with long thick lances, ending in a sharp iron point about three inches long, and clothed in blue jackets, bedizened with gold, and hats ornamented with dark brown ribbons and flowers. The whole quadrilla in the national Andalusian costume, glittering with gold and silver, presenting a chivalrous appearance.

Innumerable vivas.

The reserve picador rides off. The two others start forthwith in full career to the wooden fence at the left hand, near the bull entrance door. The banderilleros stand behind them; then the capistos; and still further back, the matadors. The assistants all retire into the space between the circus and the spectators.

Deep silence. The hearts of those who are unused to such scenes beating audibly.

In the box belonging to the Hospital enter a priest with the sacrament, to be administered to any of the wounded; beside him several surgeons, bearers, and servants.

Three notes of a trumpet. The bull door thrown open.

The bull Tormento, black as night, and bearing prodigious horns, rushes madly in, and dashes at the picador Sevilla. He wheels his horse to one side, saves it from the horn, and pierces the bull's neck, without moving in his saddle. The bull stands for a moment on his hind legs, beat back by the force of Sevilla's thrust, and hurries forward to the middle of the ring, where it looks round, bleeding and amazed.

Prodigious thunders of applause.

All. "Bien! bien!—bravo, Sevilla! Bien! viva!"

The picadors change places. The capistos irritate the bull with their flags, which he attacks, foaming with rage. He rushes on the men. They leap over the fence.

Great laughter.

A Voice. "Bien. golondrinos!" [good swallows.]

All the ladies scream.

Tormento has upset Rodriguez and his horse. The horse dies. Rodriguez lies pale as death, half supported against the paling. The bull rushes towards him. A capisto succeeds in attracting its attack to himself.

Hooting and hisses.

"Mal hecho, Rodriguez!—[ill done]—chi! chi!"

Other voices. "Silencio, es muerto!" [he is dead.]

Snobs. "Dead!"

Ladies. "Ai! ai! senor!"

Screams again.

Tormento has caught a capisto on his horn, and tosses him high in air.

All. "Mire! mire! mire!" [see, see, see.]

The ladies. "Ai! senor! Ai! Dios!"

Labradors. "Muerto, carajo!—bueno el toro!—[well done, bull]—Bien! bien!"

Rodriguez and the capisto are carried out. The bull rushes at Sevilla, who pierces him again, and parries him beautifully.

Tremendous applause.

All. "Bravo, picador! Bien, Sevilla!"

The labradors [stamping and growling]. "El picador de la reserva! [the picador in reserve]. El picador de la reserva!"

Rodriguez, who had been thought killed, rides into the ring on another horse. He is still pale.

All. "Bravo, Rodriguez! Bien!"

Others. "Where is the capisto?"

An attendant. "Muerto."

The ladies and strangers scream again.

Tormento has the horse of Rodriguez on his horns. Rodriguez keeps the saddle. The horse falls over—he saves himself. The bull runs at him fiercely—the capistos get in its way—Rodriguez pulls the horse up again, its entrails hanging out nearly a yard; he spurs it as it limps on, the blood falling in streams.

The labradors [with diabolical uproar]. "Ahai! Heaqui! los tripos!" [the entrails.]

[Universal exclamations] "Los tripos! los tripos!"

The ladies hold their fans before them.

Some voices. "Dismount, Rodriguez!"

Others. "Stay on! stay on!"

The horse sinks down and dies.

Great uproar and delight.

The bull attacks the horse he had first killed, and tosses it on his horns. Rodriguez staggers off.

Voices. "Bien toro! es bueno el torito! Bien, toro, bien!"

A trumpet sounds.

The banderilleros spring forward against the bull, crying "Hup! hup!" When he runs at them they jump aside, letting him pass under their arms, and planting their gaudily ornamented banderillos in his neck.

The bull is maddened. He springs all fours from the ground. Clouds of dust mingled with the smoke of blood.

Great triumph.

"Bien hecho! Hup! hup!—bravo! viva! viva!—hup! hup!"

The bull has now eight darts sticking in his neck. He is furious, rushes after a capisto, and leaps over the six-foot-high paling in pursuit.

Voices. "Save yourself."

Other voices. "Stay where you are."

The ladies. "Ai! Dios! ai!"

All the assistants jump into the ring. The bull rushes forward through one of the numerous doors. The assistants fly in all directions.

[Great laughter.]

They escape to their seats.

[Sudden excitement. Tremendous shouting.]

"Viva, Montes! eh, viva!"

Montes has performed a master-piece. Armed with a long pole, he has attacked the bull and sprung clean over him when he made his rush.

[Tempestuous acclamations.]

A trumpet sounds.

The bull is busy with the dead horse Montes appears again as a matador, and approaches the corregidor's box.

Voices. "Silencio! silencio!"

[Stillness.]

Montes. "Now will I, with God's help, and the protection of Our Lady, put this bull to death. God save the King and the Royal Family."

He throws his montera, or cap, into the air.

All. "Viva el Rey! Miestro Senor Fernando Setteno."

[Perfect stillness.]

Montes, followed by the foot quadrilla, stands in front of the bull, which stares at him, roaring. Tormento attacks the red cloth of the matador. Montes slips nimbly aside—this is repeated amidst cries of hup! hup! six times.

A sudden earthquake of approbation.

At one blow, without blood, Montes kills the bull, and sticks the espada up to the hilt in his neck. Tormento falls on his knees, struggling to the last, a dying hero.

[Acclamations]. "Muerto! Muerto!"

Garlands, flowers, and copies of verses, shower down on the illustrious matador, whilst the dead bull is dragged at full gallop from the ring by four mules hung round with bells. The quadrilla resumes its former position. The dead horses are dragged out by the empleados. Trumpets are sounded. The door flies open, and the second bull appears. With some few differences, six bulls are thus introduced, one after another. No other accident occurs, and few horses are wounded. The first and last bull are generally the best; and I now lift the curtain once more at the closing scene.

EVENING.

The seventh bull is dragged out, and the quadrilla is stationed ready for action.

Voices. "Who comes now?"

Others. "El Sarco," [the name of the eighth bull.]

Several voices. "Is he a good one?"

Some sailors. "We saw him driven in. He'll do wonders."

Voices. "Orgeata!—agua!"

A voice. "Tormento was their best."

Another. "Es buona el Sarco. You shall see; but 'twill soon be dark."

Many citizens and women. "Mala hora," [too late.]

Trumpet sounds three times.

El Sarco, a splendid black and white Andalusian rushes in, looks round, and walks solemnly into the middle.

[Howlings.] "O, O, vaga la cabra!—[Off, she-goat!] O, Vaga! chi! chi! si!"

Whistling and hissing.

Uproarious cries.] "O, O, la cabra, O, la vaca!—la vaca de la boda!—[Wedding cow.] Silencio!"

The picadors change places. The bull trots towards them; and then turns tail.

[Hootings.] "Maldita sea la vaca! O, O, la cabra!"

El Sarco remains in the middle. Sevilla rides at him.

Many voices. "Bravo, Sevilla!"

Others. "Mos adelante! [more forward] mos adelante, carajo."

Voices. "What sort of Sevilla is this?"

Others. "Not the old one—mos adelante!" [N. B. The further a picador follows a bull into the ring, the more dangerous.]

"Mos adelante, Sevilla!"

Sevilla thinks he has done all required of him by the laws of the amphitheatre, and rides back, retiring his lance. The former favorite is now in great disgrace. Hissing, rattling, whistling, and all manner of insulting noises.

Huge disturbance.

Voices. "Que es esto Sevilla? Vaga! Vaga, fantastico! O el embustero! [the deceiver] O el maulon! [the false rascal]! Adelante, punnatero—O! O!" [Rattles, catcalls, stamping, whistling.] "Adelante, demonio! Asi no se gano el dinero! [deserves no money]. O el pejepolo [the stockfish]! Vaga, vaga! Punnatero de Sevilla!" This lasts some time. Sevilla's Andalusian pride is roused fearfully. He shakes his head, and swings the lance in a rage, and casts scornful glances even up to the ladies, who pity him. He rides against El Sarco, who is still quiet.

Many voices. "Bien, Sevilla—mos adelante! Hombre! bien, hombre!"

He rides further forward. The bull retreats, shakes itself, and stamps. Sevilla drives him from the middle of the place, and holds the lance-point under his nose, [the most daring thing that can be done.]

Immense applause.

"Bien, Sevilla! viva! viva! Bien, hombre! viva!"

The ladies scream.

The labradors. "Look! look! carajo!"

El Sarco gets under the horse in a moment, and tosses it and its rider in the air, dashing them down, so that the horse falls upon Sevilla. The capistos try to attract the bull, but it remains quietly walking beside the fence, and looking at the spectators.

Some cry "Viva, Sevilla!" others blame the phlegmatic El Sarco.

Labradors. "Fuego! fuego! fire! fire!" [to rouse El Sarco.]

Confusion for some time.

A man is passed from bench to bench, and kicked down stairs. Uproar. The bull stands unmoved. The banderilleros set crackers and squibs round his neck. Amidst the explosion he stands enveloped in smoke and dust; from being calm and phlegmatic, he becomes wild, and dashes at Rodriguez, springing so high that the horn wounds the horseman's side. The picador falls.

Shouts.

Voices. "Ah, ah, mire! Heaqui!"

The loose horse gallops round. El Sarco tosses him, ripping open his bowels, so that they trail on the ground.

Snobs. "Ah! ah! Bucna el toro! Ah! ah!"

It gets rapidly dark. The danger of the quadrilla increases. Smoke and dust envelope the ring.

Labradors. "El picador de la reserva! Ah, ah!"

Rodriguez is carried off with great difficulty. Sevilla lies under his horse, protected with all their powers by the capistos. The picador de la reserva, Jose Fabré, rides in.

Voices. "Buenos tardes, senor," [good evening, sir.]

The bull rushes at him, and overthrows man and horse.

Immeasurable acclamations.

"Bien! bien!—bravo, Sarco—bien! bien!"

Three horses are now lying dead. Fabré is stunned, and is led off. Sevilla is there alone; and the bull has not yet received a scratch. It rushes madly at the dead horses. An amateur from among the labradors volunteers to attack the bull, amidst universal applause—a strong coarse fellow, that has been for some time with difficulty kept back. Sevilla plants a stab at enormous risk.

Vivas.

The amateur appears on horseback, dressed in Fabré's jacket and cap. El Sarco rushes at him, and tosses man and horse.

Vivas and laughter.

With his pride very much lowered, the champion sneaks off. Sevilla's horse falls, after another rush.

Unbounded applause.

It is now nearly dark. The matador Montes attacks the indomitable Sarco, who has now slaughtered five horses, and disabled two picadores. After five minutes admirable play, he succeeds in planting the death-stroke, and, amidst tumultuous applauses, *exeunt omnes*.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Blackwood's Magazine for May.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

Since I last wrote to you I have explored several more of those limestone caverns with which the country abounds, one of which, indeed, is said to extend, like an enormous cellar, beneath the village of Abingdon, a flourishing country town about twenty miles from this place; but no cave that I have yet seen compares with the natural tunnell in Scott county. It is a vaulted passage-way of two hundred yards, through a mountainous ridge some five or six hundred feet high. The ridge lies like a connecting mound between two parallel hills, of about the same elevation as itself; and a brook that winds through the wooded gorge between these hills, appears to have worn its way through the limestone rib that binds the two together. The cavernous passage is nearly in the form of an S. The entrance at the upper side is through a tangled swamp, where, in following down the stream, you come in front of a rude arch, whose great height, from the irregular face of the cliff being covered with vines and bushes, it is difficult to estimate, until you attempt to throw a stone to the top of the vault. The ceiling drops a few yards from the entrance, till, at the point where, from the peculiar shape of the cavern, the shadows from either end meet in the midst, it is not more than twenty feet high. The vault then suddenly rises, and becomes more loftier and more perfect in form as you emerge from the lower end. Finally it flares upward, so that the edges of the arch lose themselves in the projecting face of the cliff, which here rises from a gravelly soil to the height of four hundred feet, smooth as if chiselled by an artist, and naked as death. The width of the tunnel varies from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet, the small stream winding through its centre.

The sun was in the centre of the heavens as I stood beneath that stupendous arch, watching the swallows wheeling around the airy vault above me, and yet more than half the glen was in deep shadow. I have been told, whether jestingly or not, that the place was a favourite retreat for bears and panthers; and while following down the brook a few yards, I was somewhat startled, upon casting a glance into a recess in the rocky bank above me, to meet a pair of bright eyes glaring from the bushes which sheltered the nook. But the sudden movement of drawing a pistol frightened the wild animal from its covert; and it proved to be only an opossum, that glided along the trunk of a fallen tree, and disappeared in the thickets above. I paused again and again, in retracing my steps through the sinuous vault, to admire its gloomy grandeur, and then mounted my horse, which was tethered in the swamp at its entrance.

My road led immediately over the tunnel, but the thick forest on either side precluded a view from the top of the precipice, unless by approaching its edge. This it was necessary to do on foot. The glen, thus viewed, presents the appearance of a mere fissure in the mountain side; but the chasm is so sudden and deep that the first glance is startling when your foot presses the edge, and your eye swims when it would pierce the shadowy gorge below. The tall sapling growths of buckeye and linden that spring within the dell, and lift their slender stems and sickly-coloured leaves so aspiringly, yet faintingly, towards the light, sink into mere shrubs when viewed from this eminence, while the pines and oaks around you, which had appeared equally insignificant when viewed from below, seem now almost to interlace their brances over the gulf. A thrilling incident is said to have occurred here a few years since. There is a cavernous recess about midway in the face of the precipice, whose height, you will recollect, is estimated at more than three hundred feet; and some bold adventurer determined to be let down to explore this fissure. He easily found some of his acquaintance who consented to assist in the experiment, and, standing on the edge of the chasm, they began to lower him down by a rope attached to his body.

After descending some forty or fifty feet, our adventurer discovered that the side of the precipice shelved so much inwardly, that it was impossible for him to touch the wall even at so short a distance from the top. It was necessary, then, to provide some pointed instrument by which he could hold on to the face of the cliff as he descended. He was accordingly pulled up once more, and then, after providing himself with a "gig," or long fishing-spear, much used in the adjacent rivers, he started anew on his perilous voyage. The gig appeared to answer its purpose extremely well, though the task of thrusting it, from time to time, in the crevices of the rock, as the cord was gradually slackened from above, was both tiresome and exhausting. The point proposed was just attained, and the patient adventurer was about to reap the reward of his toil, and plant his foot in the fissure, when his companions shouted from above that their coil of rope had run out.

It was too provoking to be thus a second time disappointed, when his object seemed almost within his grasp, and but a few more yards of cord would have enabled him to complete his purpose. He had given too much trouble and encountered too much peril now to abandon his design completely. Thus reasoned the bold cragsman as, clinging like a bat to the wall, he hung midway between heaven and earth; and determining not to give up his point he shouted to his comrades to splice a grapevine to the end of the rope. The substitute was easily procured, and being quickly attached more line was at once paid out from above. He had now descended so far that the shelving precipice projected far over his head, almost like the flat ceiling of a chamber; but still his fishing-spear enabled him to keep close to the face of the rock, and practice now taught him to handle it with dexterity and confidence. He was at last opposite to the cavernous opening he would explore, and without waiting to measure its depth he balanced himself against a jutting point of rock with one hand while with the other he struck his javelin at a crevice in the side of the deep recess before him. The spear fell short, the adventurer was at once detached from the face of the cliff to which he had been so carefully adhering, and the great angle at which the rope that sustained him had been now drawn, sent him swinging like a pendulum over the frightful gulf. The grapevine—so strong and secure as long as there was a perpendicular pull upon it—now cracked and split, as if its fibres could not bear the strain, while the weight at the end of it spun round in the air, and the frayed bark fell in strips upon the alarmed cragsman, as he watched it grate off upon the edge of the precipice above him. He maintained his self-possession, however, while his companions pulled carefully and steadily upon the fragile cable. He soon saw the knot at which the rope was tied to it in their hands, and a shout of triumph hailed his approach to the top, where he was at last safely landed perfectly content, one may conceive, to forego all the pleasure that might have arisen from a more satisfactory examination of the recess, from which he had made so expeditious and involuntary an exit.

The hair-breadth escape of this cool climber of crags reminds me of one equally thrilling that I received from the lips of the hero of it, soon after entering these mountains.

I had heard of a remarkable saltpetre cave within a few miles of the inn where I was staying, at Cumberland Gap, and was anxious to explore it. There was an individual in the neighborhood who was said to have worked in the cavern, in manufacturing saltpetre, at a time when there was a great demand for gunpowder during the last war. This man I attempted to procure as a guide; but though he acted as a pioneer for me to several wild scenes, nothing could persuade him to take me to this. He at length with some emotion assigned his reasons, which will better appear after I have given you the features of the place as they were described to me.

The opening of this cavern is in West Virginia, on the side of the Cumberland mountains, but one of its branches has been traced far into the adjacent state of Kentucky, and there are said to be several chambers of it in Tennessee. I have myself, indeed, in exploring one of its supposed passages, that opened two miles from the main embouchure, passed the dividing line of two of these states. The most direct of its branches has, in former years, been measured with a chain to the extent of seven miles. The form of the cavern is as remarkable as its size, as, just far enough within the entrance to shroud it in darkness, there is a precipice of more than two hundred feet (two hundred and sixty-two is said to be the measured depth); and the only mode of advancing further into the cavern is by descending here, when you come to a flat surface, whereon your further progress is unimpeded. The sides of the precipice are marked here and there by ledges of rock, and the persons employed in manufacturing saltpetre had, with considerable ingenuity, adjusted a chain of ladders from one ledge to another, so as to form apparently a continuous staircase down the perpendicular side of the cliff.

At the close of the war, twenty years ago, the cave became deserted. The population then was not dense around, and there being but little travelling along the nearest highway, the place was seldom mentioned, and never resorted to. It chanced one day, about six years since, that the man whom I wished now to guide me thither passed the mouth of the cavern with a companion in hunting; sitting down near it to refresh themselves, they began to recall their recollection of those who had worked in the cave in bygone years, and the period seemed so recent that they thought it worth while to look whether none of their implements then used were yet to be found in the pit, determining that any of the tools that might be left after so long an interval would be a fair prize for themselves.

Entering the cavern, they first by the light of a pine torch carefully examined the wooden ladders, which had now been for sixteen years exposed to the damps of the place; they had been made of cedar, and still appeared sound. The cautious hunters agreed that all was right, and both descended. They reached the bottom in safety, and, as expected, they found several neglected tools still remaining there; and selecting a pickaxe and a spade, they commenced their ascent upon the ladders. The first flight was soon accomplished, but their steps became slower as they got farther from the bottom; and as the imple-

ments which they carried could not be balanced upon the shoulders, each had but one hand upon the ladder, and, of course, as that became tired each was compelled to move more and more carefully. Patience and steadiness, however, at last brought them near the summit; in fact, the upper round of the ladder was in view, when the foremost man taking hold of one more decayed than the rest, it broke in his grasp, and he fell backward with his whole weight upon the chest of his companion; the other reeled and staggered with the blow, but still kept his one handed hold upon the ladder. The iron tools went clanging to the bottom. There was a moment of intense anxiety whether he could sustain his comrade, there was another of thrilling doubt whether his comrade could regain the ladder, and both were included in one mortal agony of fear and horror. But the falling man clutched the ladder instantly, and laying a frantic grip with both hands upon the sides, they gained the top at last together. "Stranger," concluded the man, while his voice faltered at the end of the tale, "we knelt to God at the mouth of the cave, and swore never to enter it more."

A Winter in the Far West.

A TIGER HUNT.

When "Blair's" regiment of local horse was first stationed at Saugor, a report reached the camp that the neighborhood around was greatly infested with tigers, which had committed the most alarming depredations, both among the natives of the vicinity, and the cattle of the *gye-wallers*, who occupied the farms thereabout. Three officers of the corps resolved, on learning the circumstance, to put down this formidable nuisance; and one evening repaired to a field contiguous to a dense jungle, in which tigers were known to harbor. They ascended a large banian tree, armed with rifles, having given directions to their servants to tie a cow to a tree, and tether its calf to a stake placed in the field, about thirty yards apart from the dam, also to purchase a buffalo from some gye-waller, for any other occasional purpose; they also gave orders that the mahouts should bring down the elephants about 11 o'clock at night. The moon shone exceedingly bright, so that they could clearly perceive any object that might perchance come within the distance of fifty yards of the area. The calf continued to bleat incessantly for the space of four hours, but no beast of prey having shown itself within that time, and the elephants having arrived, the parties descended from the tree and repaired to their quarters, leaving instructions for the cow and the calf to be led home after them, and the buffalo to be substituted in the place of the cow.

On the following morning the gye-waller came to the camp, stating that the buffalo had been carried off by the tiger. This assertion was not at first credited, as it was imagined the cowherd might, most probably, have removed the animal himself, to turn it to his own account. The elephants were, however, ordered to be *howdahed*, and the parties set out to the spot, on arriving at which they discovered that a strong cord, by which the animal had been bound, was snapped short in twain, the remaining part being still attached to the tree; a quantity of blood also lay in patches around the roots of it. One of the mahouts observed that he could trace the path in which the buffalo had been borne away, as he could trace the line of blood on the sward some way off. The elephants were, in consequence, turned round, and the party went in pursuit of the marauder. They were passing through a very heavy jungle when they roused a tigress, one of the company could only succeed in obtaining but a very imperfect view of her. Here they lost all traces of the blood of the buffalo. They eventually came to a deep ravine, over which the elephants, with great difficulty, effected a transit, and on ascending a steep ascent, again alighted upon the gore-stained track of the tiger. They advanced upon the track for nearly half a mile, when they found themselves on the verge of a vast plain of "jow" grass. The latter cover is a very favorable retreat for tigers. The plain was bounded on the western side by a narrow nullah, which the elephants crossed, and entered the field, apparently conscious that they were within the enemy's lines, for they uplifted their trunks in the air, and manifested evident symptoms of impatience. The three "shikarries" then drew off about thirty yards apart from each other into one line, and advanced up the jow jungle. When they had progressed about mid-way, Lieutenant R—— came upon the buffalo, which lay beside him, nearly half devoured. This circumstance having been communicated to his companions in arms, they were on the alert, as they were well assured the object of their pursuit was close at hand. Captain B——'s mahout suddenly checked the elephant, and pointing his hand out before him, exclaimed, "Sahib, goss bolta!" literally, "The grass speaks, sir?" implying that he could perceive the grass move, subject to the waywardness of some large animal boring through it. Captain B. took the hint, and kept a watchful eye on the motion of the grass till it ceased. The elephant, on reaching the spot, trumpeted—an infallible signal that the enemy was winded by his gigantic competitor, and which is invariably sounded as the elephant's challenge to his foe. Captain B——, standing up in the howdah, obtained a good view of him as he stood staring him full in the face, at the distance of about forty yards. He halted the elephant, and let fly both barrels at him, both balls taking effect; but the beast was so gorged, that he was wholly unequal to come up to the attack, but moved away into the grass.

Lieut. R——, however, inadvertently came across another tiger, which sprang suddenly upon the head of his noble elephant "Captain," before he was at all prepared for him. Lieut. C—— was also at the same moment blazing away at a tigress, that was bounding off before him. Lieut. R—— was most awkardly situated, for the mahout, in the fright, had slipped off the neck of the elephant into the grass, and had crawled away so that the beast was under no control. His courage was, however, unsurpassable, and Lieut. R—— shot the tiger off his hold, both balls passing through his loins. The elephant now pinned him to the earth with his tusks. The Lieutenant called for the mahout, who, when he was assured the danger was over, crawled forth, and receiving a hog spear from his master's hand, which he carried on the howdah, he was ordered to job it into the heart of the tiger, the elephant holding him down in a vice which the combined strength of six tigers could not have resisted. When he had succeeded in killing him, the other parties came up, and the mahout having resumed his post, they went in pursuit of the monster that the Captain had wounded. They traversed a great extent of ground, but could not come up to him, and were on their return home when Captain B——'s mahout suddenly cried out, "Hi, Sahib" (here he is, sir), pointing to the nullah. The whole of the parties were on the spot, but not one but the mahout could see the tiger, though, from the mode of his directing his finger, it appeared that he was under their noses. At length he got off the elephant, and wading into the stream, raised up a small portion of the animal's tail, the only visible part of him. The fact is, after the desperate wounds he had received, he had endeavored to cross the nullah, but his efforts were frustrated by weakness, and he sank in the attempt. He was found, on admeasurement, to be a little less than eight feet and a half in length, and presented one of the largest heads of any tigers that had been seen by the oldest "shikarries." During the stay of the corps at Saugor, they contrived to kill thirteen tigers, some of them very large. The elephants, as hunting elephants, were invaluable, their foreheads were completely tattooed with the claws of tigers. This narrative fully confirms the statement that has been made, but so often doubted, that a tiger will carry away a buffalo; and, if such persons as have doubted the tiger's capability of so doing, had witnessed the steepness of the ascent up which, in this case, the buffalo was dragged, they would have attributed to the tiger a degree of power far surpassing what they could imagine he could be possible possessed of.

AN EXPENSIVE JOKE.

In the beginning of last month Baron de Klanersberg, a student at the university of Prague, being on his way to Vienna, arrived at the little town of Aetstadt in Bohemia and stopped for the night at the Black Eagle Inn. Being required to insert his name, &c., in the travellers' register, the youth put down a correct account of himself, but on coming to the column headed "Object or motive of the journey," ventured the joke, "To blow his brains out." The innkeeper in compliance with the police regulations, transmitted the register to the burgomaster at eight o'clock in the evening. At ten, when the Baron was in bed, a police soldier entered his room, drew his sword, and sat down by his couch. "What is your business?" inquired the astonished Baron. "I'm come to watch you," replied the warrior. "I shall be on duty two hours; at midnight a comrade will relieve me, and he will be succeeded by others until ten to-morrow morning, when you will be transferred to Jung-Bunzlau, the chief place of this district." "Why am I dealt with as an offender?" "Because you have expressed the intention of killing yourself; a proceeding which the burgomaster will not suffer on any pretence whatever." M. de Klanersberg begged hard to be taken forthwith to the magistrate, but the soldier declared that his orders were to keep watch over him in his room. Next morning, at ten, a non-commissioned officer and eight hussars made their appearance, and the Baron was conveyed in a carriage to the police director. There he was subjected to the examination of two doctors, when, at their reporting that they could detect in him no symptoms of lunacy, and no bump of self-destruction, he expected his immediate restoration to liberty. Not so, however; the facetious traveller was handed to the gaoler of the municipal prison, and next introduced to the parochial tribunal [*pfarrgericht*], for having trifled with the veneration due to magistrates, by writing an immoral thing in a public register. Unanimously found guilty, he was sentenced to a month of durance, a fine of about £20, to the payment of all the expenses of watching him at Aetstadt and conveying him to Jung-Bunzlau, and lastly to all costs. The Baron left the circle of Bunzlau, resolved never to kill himself even *pour rire*.

Bull Fight.—Hereford Candlemas Fair.—In the Show-field, on Monday last, the unusual scene of a bull fight was witnessed. The bulls were placed in order, singly, close against the fences of the meadow. On a very fine animal, the property of Mr. E. Price, of the Court House, entering the field, the lowing of the other bulls, with the unusual spectacle before him, appeared to excite his mettle; he soon manifested his anger by hoofing up the turf, his mouth near the ground, bellowing in that deep-toned note, which gives warning of mischievous intent; he soon singled out a combatant, by furiously attacking a splendid bull, the property of Mr. Adams, of Madden. The show-field was now a scene of extraordinary commotion; most of the bulls exhibited great impatience and desire to mingle in the fray, and it was only by the greatest exertions of the attendants, that they were kept out of it. The two infuriated beasts fought terribly; two men, in their endeavors to separate them, narrowly escaped with their lives, for both were tossed in a manner that made the spectators shudder; one of them, during a momentary intermission of the fight when on the ground, was rolled over by one of the bulls, and a thrill of horror ran through all the beholders, who expected to see him instantly gored to death; he was, however, saved by the other bull renewing the combat with increased fury, which was continued for some time. At length another very powerful animal escaped from his attendants, and, bellowing terribly, rushed between the combatants; this effected a separation, and as the third bull had his attention thus divided, means were found to drive each of the animals in different directions, and thus ended the bull fight, fortunately without any very serious mischief to man or beast. The result, however, would probably have been fatal, if the horns of the animal had pointed forward as do mostly those of the ox: but as they branched wide, the ends pointing in nearly opposite directions, the bulls did not injure themselves or their attendants to that degree which, otherwise, they certainly would have done. Much amusement was caused during the fray, by a person calling "police, police," and seriously requesting the policemen in attendance to perform their duty to stop the fight, by taking the combatants into custody; no threat or persuasion, however, could induce any of the policemen to perform the heroic act of *taking a bull by the horns*.

Agriculture.

NEW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY IN KENTUCKY.

HARRODSBURG, May 20, 1839.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer: Dear Sir—On Monday the 6th inst. being our court day, the farmers of this county met in the court house from every section of this county, and formed "*The Mercer County Agricultural Society*," consisting of more than one hundred members, and having adopted the usual constitution proceeded to elect their officers as follows:—

Wm. Snail, President; Robt. Mosby, Buckner Miller, Gideon W. Higgins, Vice Presidents; Benjamin C. Allen, Recording Secretary; Hon. James Harlan, Corresponding Secretary; Robt. Alexander, Treasurer; John A. Grimes, Dr. John A. Tomlinson, Alex. J. McMordie, Elijah Gabbert, Wm. J. Morberly, Andrew G. Kyle, Thomas H. Sneed, Executive Committee.

Their annual fair is to be in Harrodsburg on the 28th and 29th of August next.

The above list of officers will give an assurance that the affairs of the society will be conducted with becoming spirit and energy.

Yours with high respect, ROBT. B. MCAFEE.

TENNESSEE AGRICULTURAL CONVENTION.

An Agricultural Convention was held in Lebanon, Tennessee, on the 6th May, composed of delegates from seven counties, but doubtless representing the wishes of all, which resulted in

1. The formation of a State Agricultural Society.
2. The formation of a State Board of Agriculture.
3. The determination on the part of the Society to obtain legislative aid to agriculture; and
4. The resolution to establish hereafter an agricultural paper for the State.

Dr. John Shelby was elected President of the Society; F. K. Zollicoffer, Rec. Sec'y.; Gen. R. L. Caruthers, Cor. Sec'y. The Board of Agriculture is composed of Dr. G. Troost, Dr. John Shelby, Hon. E. Dillahunty, F. H. Gordon, Esq. and Hon. Elijah Boddie.

A provisional constitution was adopted to remain in force till the next meeting in Nashville on the third Monday of October, when a permanent bond of association will be perfected. We do not see from the proceedings, what are the pecuniary means of the Society; but infer that until it receives the legislative aid which it proposes to seek, it will be sustained by individual liberality. The people of Tennessee are a spirited, enteprising people, and they will no doubt contribute a liberal share of money and labor for the support of an association which promises, by its operations, to promote important improvements in her agriculture. But we trust the burden will not be left wholly to be sustained by those patriotic men who are most willing to bear it. The Society should first be supported by the farmers in every quarter of the State; it should then receive all the aid which legislation can bestow in answer to its demands. The Tennesseeans may as well be told one thing in the outset of their labors:—Unless the farmers of the State themselves heartily unite in the demand for legislative aid, they will not get it, allowing that *their* legislators are no wiser than those of Kentucky. Get up petitions from every agricultural society and from the farmers of every county, or all the advantage you will derive from legislation will be pretty promises from the stump, never realised. We have seen how the thing works in Kentucky; and our Tennessee friends to whose operations we wish the most unbounded success, will take these hints in good part. We would, if we could, put such a spirit in the farmers of Kentucky, as would soon bring about a test as to the value of agricultural legislation. How the farmers of Tennessee mean to bear themselves in reference to this matter, remains to be seen. They will allow us to say, if they spend all their political power in merely sustaining this political party measure or that, no good will come to *their* peculiar interests. They may be wrought into the greatest political phrenzy and imagine that the salvation of their country depends upon their political zeal; but *agriculture* will scarcely be benefited the value of a blade of grass, for all that. And so long as they support men upon purely party principles and demand no pledge of legislative favor to the interest of agriculture, so long will objects of personal ambition remain paramount with their representatives. We offer these sentiments respectfully to our Tennessee brethren; and we do it both in sorrow and indignation that experience and observation in this State justify such plainness and candor. But the Kentucky politicians, we can tell them, will have to do their duty yet—and speedily—to agriculture. The farmers have spent enough time and labor for party principles; they are waking to some efforts now upon their own interests. We think they are roused; and we may soon expect to see them laboring for that elevation in their own profession, which is sought by votaries of all other professions. Agricultural Societies render important services to the interests of husbandry, so long as they are conducted with liberality and zeal. But it requires unflinching energy and untiring industry on the part of the laborers to sustain their usefulness; and it requires the exercise of a still greater share of those great qualities when State patronage does not afford the means of supporting their operations. The Tennesseeans are right, in the outset, therefore, to demand what they have a right to enjoy, the liberal support of their government in view of rendering their labors more effectively and generally useful. Let them never cease thundering at the door of Legislation, till they obtain all they want, and we trust we shall have the pleasure to chronicle the success of their first application and the great usefulness of their long continued future labors.

Franklin (Ky.) Farmer.

KENTUCKY AGRICULTURE.

We have received from the respected author, Col. C. S. Todd of Shelby, a copy of the annual address delivered before the Kentucky State Agricultural Society at Frankfort. The subject selected, was the dignity of the profession of agriculture, and the propriety of legislation for its improvement. This is treated in the address in an able manner, showing that Col. Todd is thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and fully aware of its importance. His views of the state of agriculture in Kentucky, and the country generally, are forcibly and clearly stated, and the steps necessary to improve the present state of affairs, are described in a manner that must command the attention of all those into whose hands the address may fall.

Kentucky may justly be considered one of the finest farming districts in the Union, yet owing to several causes, one of the most important of which is the employment of slaves instead of free labor, the average products of the soil fall considerably below those on the other or northern side of the Ohio. Col. Todd says—"As evidence of the deep necessity for the adoption of some stimulating measures in relation to our agricultural condition, we have only to revert to the crop which is actually produced in Kentucky; not exceeding on an average 35 bushels of corn, 12 bushels of small grain, 500 lbs. of hemp, and 1 ton of hay to the acre." Less attention has been paid to the cultivation of wheat in Kentucky than most of the other states, the staple grain crop being corn, though perhaps there is no state so uniformly favored with a soil that will grow the best of wheat as this. Cattle, horses, mules and swine, have received the greatest share of attention from the Kentucky farmers, and the success which has attended their efforts, has placed them at the head of the growers of these articles in this country: unless, indeed, so far as horses are concerned, Virginia should be excepted. No where can more beautiful cattle of the improved breeds be found, than in Kentucky; and the spirited efforts made to improve the breed of swine, which constitutes so important an item in the exports of the west, shows that in this respect the farmers of that state will not long be behind those of any other.

Genesee (N.Y.) Farmer.

PREMIUM ESSAY.—The Franklin Farmer, published at Frankfort, Ky., offers a premium of $30 to the writer of the best essay on the subject of breeding and rearing horses for agricultural purposes; and $20 to the writer of the next best. The writer to labor under no sort of restrictions, but to be left entirely at liberty to discuss the subjects as they choose. In the essays, however, we presume the writers will of course state their opinions and arguments on the value or inutility of blood for work horses. The essays to be forwarded by the first day of October next. The writers may forward their names to some gentleman in this place [say Orlando Brown, Esq.], and he or any other gentleman may appoint a committee to examine and compare the essays and render their awards, which will be paid in a silver plate, gold or silver medal, or in cash, at the option of the writers. The Farmer to have privilege to publish all the essays offered if deemed worthy; but the writer of a rejected essay to withdraw it if he chooses. Competitors not confined to the state of Kentucky.

A GOOD IDEA.—A farmer of Franklin county, Ky., proposes that a subscription of $400 be got up and the amount paid as a premium to the owner or cultivator of the best farm in the county. Surely there are forty men in the county who will subscribe $10 each. Instead, however, of giving the whole sum in one premium we should prefer dividing it into four; $200 for the best farm, $100 for the next best, and $50 each for the third and fourth. The offer and distribution of such premiums would certainly stimulate the farmers of the county and result in general benefits to all. Let those who are favorable to this proposition, leave their names with us. The Franklin Farmer takes two or more shares of this good stock.

Farmer.

TO PRESERVE PEARS, PLUMS, DAMSONS, &c., FOR TARTS AND PIES.—Gather them when full grown and just as they begin to turn. Pick one-third of the largest out and put to them as much water as will cover them, boil and skim them.—When the fruit is boiled soft, strain it through a course sieve, and to every quart of this liquor put a pound and a half of sugar; boil and skim it, and then throw in your fruit; just give them a scald, take them off the fire, and when cold put them into bottles with wide mouths, pour your syrup over them, lay a piece of white paper dipped in sweet oil over them, and cover tight.

CURRANT JELLY, RED OR BLACK.—Strip the fruit and in a stone jar strew them in a sauce-pan of water, or by boiling it on the hot earth; strain off the liquor, and to every pint weigh a pound of loaf-sugar; put the latter in large lumps into a stone or china vessel, till nearly dissolved; then put it in a preserving-pan; simmer and skim as necessary. When it will jelly on a plate, put it in small jars or glasses.

CURRANT JAM, BLACK, RED, OR WHITE.—Let the fruit be very ripe, pick it clean from the stalks, bruise it, add to every pound, a pound of loaf-sugar: stir it well and boil half an hour.

CURRANT JELLY FOR SICKNESS.—Pick your currants very carefully, and if it be necessary to wash them, be sure they are thoroughly drained. Place them in a stone jar, well covered, in a pot of boiling water. When cooked soft, strain them through a coarse cloth, add one pound of fine Havana sugar to each pound of the jelly, put into a jar and cover as above. Or you may break your currants with a pestle and squeeze them through a cloth. Put a pint of clean sugar to a pint of juice, and boil it very slowly, till it becomes ropy.

TO DRY CHERRIES THE BEST WAY.—To every five pounds of cherries stoned, weigh one of sugar double-refined. Put the fruit into the preserving-pan with *very* little water, make both scalding hot; take the fruit out and immediately dry them; put them into the pan again, strewing the sugar between each layer of cherries; let it stand to melt; then set the pan on the fire, and make it scalding hot as before; take it off, and repeat this thrice with the sugar. Drain them from the syrup; and lay them single to dry on dishes, in the sun or on a stove. When dry, put them into a sieve, dip it into a pan of cold water, and draw it instantly out again, and pour them on a fine soft cloth; dry them, and set them once more in the hot sun, or on a stove. Keep them in a box, with layers of white paper, in a dry place. This way is the best to give plumpness to the fruit as well as color and flavor.

Eagle Hunting.—Three brothers, of the village of San Goodansic, in Corsica, agreed to plunder an eagle's nest, which they observed at the bottom of a most fearful precipice. The enterprise was of great risk, as only one of the three brothers could make the attack, and he had to be let down by a rope, which the other two were to fasten, and to guide from above. They drew lots for the post of danger, and the lot fell upon the youngest, a brave, hearty lad, who lost no time in providing himself with a sharp sword, and with a stout rope, capable of bearing his weight. The rope was made fast by the other brothers, and wound round the body of the young adventurer. The latter then descended, avoiding all the perils of sharp points and jutting crags, until he made good his landing on the rock where the nest was placed. He took possession of his prize, which contained four eaglets, and then gave the signal of ascent. The brothers above instantly obeyed it, and the young man was gradually drawn up, finding, however, no slight difficulty to guard his head from the rocks, and to preserve his well-earned prize. While only half of the ascent was gained, a fearful, though not wholly unlooked for, incident occurred. The parent eagles returned for their young, and attacked in the fiercest manner the plunderer of the nest; other eagles joined in the assault, and the young man had much difficulty to save himself from their fury. He flourished the sword above his head, and struck several blows at the most audacious of the eagles. While thus occupied, he felt the rope in a slight degree relaxed, and, glancing his eye upwards to ascertain the cause, saw, to his horror, that he had allowed the edge of the sword to grate against the rope, and that the rope was cut through at least one-half. His alarm on this discovery may well be conceived—every moment he expected that the rest of the cord would break with the weight of his body, and he made up his mind to die a dreadful death. In the meantime the brothers on the top of the rock continued to haul up the rope, until they were enabled to stretch out their hands and safely grasp the young man. They rescued him from almost certain death; but a few minutes produced the effect of ages on his constitution: his hair was changed to gray, and it was a long time before his mind recovered the shock.

Prench Paper.

Extraordinary Trout.—A very fine specimen of the trout had been observed for some time in the river Stour, between King's Bridge and the Friars, in the heart of this city, which attracted the attention of many persons, and many attempts were made to ensnare and even to shoot it; when on Tuesday the celebrated angler, Lamberton, stationed in a garden at the back of All Saints-lane, succeeded in taking it with a rod and line, using a common ground bait. With some difficulty he secured his prize, which shortly after found its way, as prime fish of all sorts are wont to do, to Bowen's stall in the fish market, whither great numbers of persons resorted on that afternoon and the next day. This "monarch of the brook" was a remarkably handsome and well-baited fish of the true trout species; it weighed 9½ lbs., and no doubt had it lived to the height of the season, the end of May, its bulk and beauty would have been considerably increased. The price asked was half-a-crown per lb.; but we have not heard who was the fortunate purchaser. It measured 2ft. 2in. in length and 20 inches in girth. So large a trout has not been taken in this stream for upwards of thirty years, when from very near the same spot Mr. Linom caught a similar, or we have heard a somewhat larger fish, of which a drawing was made, which was long exhibited in the window of a fishing-tackle shop in Palace-street.

Kent Herald.

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4-tf]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

June 8]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
WHEELING, Va. - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 25th June.

KANAWHA (Va.) SPRING RACES.

WHEELING, Va., June 13, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The result of the Kanawha Races will be found below. The course was in fine order, and consequently the "*race horses*" that were in the "*right fix*" made it in good time.

WEDNESDAY, June 5, 1839—Proprietor's Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

H. Waller's bl. c. *Capt. White Eye*, by Chifney, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1
W. Vausbinder's ch. f. *Polly Piper*, by Count Piper, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	3	2
D. Stockton's b. f. *Martha Viley*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs	2	3
J. H. Oliver's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Sparrowhawk's dam, 4 yrs	4	4

Time, 1:50—1:54.

THURSDAY, June 6—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

H. Waller's ch. h. *Joe Gales*, by Marlboro', dam by Eclipse	1	1
W. Vausbinder's b. m. *Mary Mason*, by Pirate, dam by Consol, 5 yrs	2	*
D. Stockton's gr. f. by Mucklejohn, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 5:53.

Owing to some unknown cause, the trainer of Mary Mason did not let her off, at the tap of the drum in the 2d heat. The consequence was that Joe Gales galloped round the track, and took the purse.

FRIDAY, June 7—Proprietor's Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. Waller's gr. f. *Victoria*, by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippo Saib, 4 yrs	1	2	1	1
J. H. Oliver's gr. f. *Mary Walton*, by O'Kelly, dam by Shakspeare, 4 yrs	4	3	2	2
D. Stockton's ch. c. *James Sprigg*, by Lance, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 3 yrs	2	1	dr.	
W. Vausbinder's ch. f. *Polly Piper*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3			

Time, 1:50—1:55—1:48—1:51.

Polly Piper not bringing in her proper weight, was not permitted to run after the first heat.

I shall give you the result of our races here, at as early a time after they come off as possible. In haste yours, JNO. E. NORVELL.

SEAMEN'S PRANKS.

The brig Rover, of Liverpool, having received on board a cargo of sugar at Pernambuco, in South America, being "all square fore and aft, and ready for sea," the crew on the night previous to sailing were allowed to go on shore and take their "farewell spree." After getting "half-seas over," and being minus cash, they went into a pulperee, or grog-shop, which was kept by a person well known by the cognomen of "Black Sam," and calling for a bottle of Ogeadenté, or rum, drank the contents while mine host was preparing breakfast. Having finished their early meal, for it was only five o'clock, the signal was given to "fill away the main yard," and off marched our heroes, leaving poor darkey to whistle for payment.

English sailors in foreign parts (generally speaking), consider they have an undoubted right to do just as they please; and so it was with the crew of the Rover, for all through the town they went singing, and knocking at street doors and occasionally kicking up a row witn the guards. But on nearing the beach where their boat was hauled up, intending to go on board, they were stopped by the sentinel, who was ordered to take into custody all persons seen about during the night (the Brazilians being at war with Portugal), and being considered spies, were treated accordingly. But our tars were not to be treated in such a cavalier manner, and taking hold of the bold soldier, soon disarmed him, and then dragged him to the water-side, gave him a good ducking, and left him stuck in the mud bellowing for assistance. He was soon rescued from his awful perdicament by a party of soldiers from the garrison, who were immediately despatched to take our heroes into custody, but having been informed that the veterans had taken water, they instantly hailed a Brazilian corvette that was laying inside the reef and informed them of the circumstance. By this time, the sailors had got safe on board, but it appeared they were merely out of the frying-pan into the fire, for a boat was soon discovered rowing towards the ship closely crowded with a party of soldiers and crew of armed sailors from the Brazilian man-of-war.

Now was the time to "clear for action," some seized hold of handspikes, others crowbars, or with whatever they could get at the moment, presenting a truly formidable appearance. It so happened that the cook, an old weather-beaten tar, had but one arm, and not being able to handle a weapon like the rest of his shipmates, laid hold of a 32lb. shot, kept to pound the cocoa; and before the boat could reach the ship, whirled the shot with such force, crying "There d—n you take that," that it went throogh the boat's bottom, and in less than five minutes, soldiers and crew were struggling in the water and roaring most lustily for assistance; from this situation they were soon rescued by the crews of several vessels who had heard the noise; and having lost their ammunition, muskets, &c., were put on board their own ship.

By this time the whole roadstead of shipping had gained intelligence of the fray, and a number of British seamen that gloried in the sport, hastened on board the Rover, and assisted in getting her to sea, and long before the Brazilian man-of-war had weighed anchor, the Rover had got a good offing and promised fair for a wild goose chase. And so it was, for the corvette returned the following morning, quite chagrined at not being able to come up with her.

Gazette Variety.

POLICE.

HATTON GARDEN.—*Irish Love and Jealousy*.—Bridget O'Mulligan, a carroty-headed, plump-cheeked, black-eyed maid of Erin, residing in the classic neighborhood of Church-street, St. Giles's, was brought up on a warrant, by Edwards the officer, charged by Norah Murphy, another native of the "green isle," with having bait and killed her dead, &c.

Norah Murphy, being sworn on the sign of the cross, blessed herself and curtseyed, and with all due solemnity, and in a rich Munster brogue, stated that Biddy O'Mulligan and herself were formerly gossips and 'bosom friends, and lived together on peaceable terms until Tim O'Gallagher, her cousin, came from Ireland, to live in their neighbourhood. On Monday night last they went to a wake, where Tim sat by her side, and took no notice of Biddy at all, and the night passed over; but on the following morning, when she was going to market, Biddy met her, and said, "Well, have you seen Tim?" "No," says I, "not since last night." "Do you mane to tell me that?" says she; "haven't you been wid him till now?" "No, in troth," says I. Wid that she up wid her fisht, and said, "Take that," says she, and she struck me a blow on the nose. She strick me agin on the cheek, and knocked me down dead, and wid God's mercy I'm here.

Mr. Bennett congratulated her upon her speedy resuscitation, and asked her whether she gave any provocation?

Norah Murphy: No, sure, she gave me the provocation. Look at my mark. Sure (holding up a handful of hair) this is the way she tore my hair from the roots.

Biddy (holding up another handful): And sure this is the way you sarved me. [Laughter.]

Biddy O'Mulligan, in her defence, said that "Tim Gallagher belonged to herself, and Norah made too free wid him, and did everything to taze her, and she saw Norah put her arms around his neck and kiss him, and told him to have nothing to do wid her. She ax'd her what she meant, when she laughed at her, and struck her, and they fought together." She produced a whole troop of the O'Connell's, O'Connors, O'Bradys, O'Flannigans, &c. to prove that there was a regular fight between them; whilst Norah was clasping her hands in a corner of the office, exclaiming, "Och! murder, murder; lies, lies."

Mr. Benett consulted with Mr. Burrell, and discharged the warrant, when the parties quitted the office with a "hullaballoo," and abusing each other, and their excitement was so great that another fight was momentarily anticipated, until the officers interfered and drove them away.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the 1st of each month from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner Broadway and Barclay st., New York, and 6 Nos. of the 10th Volume have been already issued; the 7th No. will appear on the 1st of July, embellished with a fine steel engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, more elaborate in design, and costly in execution, than any that have preceded it. In the first six numbers of the present volume were published the following interesting articles and embellishments, viz.:—

Memoir of Harkaway, with a portrait on steel by Dick, after Turner.
Trout Fishing on Long Island, with an illustration on steel by Hinshilwood, after Jackson.
Essay on English Eclipse, with an engraved portrait after Stubbs.
Memoir of the Godolphin Arabian; by M. Sue.
The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven.
Memoir of Plenipo, with a portrait on steel by Dick, after Cooper.
D'Orsay and his traineau, with a splendid illustration by Dick, after Aubrey.
Familiar Anatomy of the horse; by Craven.
Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses for 1838.
Salmon Fishing in Canada; by Piscator.
Sales of Blood Stock.
A Week in the Woodlands; An original Sketch by Frank Forester.
Deer Stalking; by William Scrope, Esq., F. L. S., illustrated by a superb steel engraving of a "Forest Joust" by Dick, after Landseer.
Fly-fishing; with a characteristic embellishment by Dick, after Cooper.
An American Racing Calendar for the current year, compiled with the utmost care and accuracy.
Notes of the Months—embodying a running commentary on the various subjects of sporting news and conversation of the day

These will be followed up by Articles and Embellishments of equal interest and importance.

Price, $5.00 per Annum, Payable in Advance. [June 22]

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at StationCamp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery. (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R, Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky. six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E H Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus, at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq.' at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexingtou, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Wood ford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

OMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season' pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T.T.Tunstall.& Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of W. J. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The following important articles and compilations have been published in the present volume of this paper, commencing on March 9th, 1839.

Pedigree and Performances of Black Maria.
Review of the New York Stage.
Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses at 1m., 2m., 3m., and 4m. heats, for the year 1838.
Complete List of Stallions for 1839.
Memoir of Augusta, with a complete sketch of her theatrical career.
Alphabetical List of English Winning Horses for 1838, at all distances.
The following COSTLY ENGRAVINGS have also been given in the present volume:—
Portrait of Madlle. AUGUSTA as The Sylphide.
" BLACK MARIA, owned by Hon. BALIE PEYTON of New Orleans.
" JOHN BASCOMBE, " Col. JOHN CROWELL of Alabama.

These will be followed by equally fine Engravings of LEVIATHAN, SHARK, MONARCH, WAGNER, MINGO, &c.

The Series, when complete, will form a SPORTING GALLERY worth of itself more than the price of subscription. [j22]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE Races over this course will take place on Monday, the 7th October, and continue six days. From the great encouragement met with the last season, the Proprietor will offer increased inducements to visit the Kendall Course. The purses will be augmented, both in number and amount. The particulars in due time. The following sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson.

Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now two subscribers, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now two subscribers, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

And to cap the climax, we have the Pete Whetstone Stakes, now opened and written by his own hand, to wit:—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838; to run Spring of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now six subscribers, and fifty more expected. The present subscribers are:—

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

Breeders and racers desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, will address the subscriber, at Baltimore. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor*.

June 17, 1839.—[June 22]

TROTTING, BEACON COURSE.

THE following purses will be trotted for over the above Course, to commence Wednesday, the 3d of July, and continue two days.

First day, Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, Purse $50, Two mile heats in harness, free for trotting horses that never won a Purse over $50.

Immediately after, Purse $200, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for trotting horses that never won a Purse over $200.

Second day, at 3 o'clock—Purse $50, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for trotting horses that never won a Purse over $50.

Immediately after, Purse $400, Three mile heats in harness, free for all horses short of a run: if three start, $100 goes to the 2d best horse in the last heat; if only two start, then the Purse will be $300.

N.B. The entries for these Purses must be made on Monday, the 1st of July, at the Course in the afternoon. In all cases 145lbs. must be carried, either for rider or driver. [June 22]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp,
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by }	E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk, }	James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,		

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

VETERINARY SURGEON.

JOHN COLLIER, Artist, Veterinary Surgeon, student of the Royal Veterinary College of Alford (near Paris), late resident Veterinary to the menagery of the Botanical Garden at Paris, professor of Hippiatrique; he has in his possession the highest recommendations from Messrs. Chataubriand, Geoffrey Saint Helaire, De Jussieu, Valencienne, Boyer, and other learned men of the art; besides, an encouraging letter from the Minister of War, for his having brought to the utmost simplicity the castration of horses, and by that way lessened the fatal accidents which very often result from a vicious method of treating it.

J. C. begs leave to inform the public that he has just arrived in this country, with the determination to devote his time to the cure of horses and other animals.

J. C. will with pleasure exhibit to those who may desire it, the skill that he has acquired by study and practice in the art. Being assured that he is enabled to prove to the most fastidious that he is fully qualified to treat with success all the various diseases which horses and other animals are subject to.

References.—Messrs. De la Forrest, French consul-general; Chevrolat, Freres, & Co., 114 Pearl st.; Dortic, 172 Front st.; Leclerc, 18 Liberty st.; Wisdom, 40 Duane st.; Duft, 38 Duane st.; Cowan, New York Bazaar, Crosby st.

J. C. resides at No. 140 Duane st., where he has a large place destined to the treatment of horses. [j22-2t.]

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,

No. 52 Fulton, (corner of Cliff Street,) New York. [j22.tf.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, if not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. g. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinella*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

GOLD STAKE, LEXINGTON, Ky.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Fall of 1843, with colts and fillies to be dropped Spring 1840, two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $100 ft. Ten to make a race; to name and close Spring Meeting of the Kentucky Association 1839; the Association to give a Gold Cup of the value of $500.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. Morrison Pindell & Geo. Trotter name the produce of Shepherdess, by Apollo, and Imp. Glencoe
2. Also, the produce of Sappho, by Goods' Arab, and Imp. Glencoe
3. A. D. Hunt & J. Morrison Pindell name the produce of Kitty Cade, by Rattler, and Imp. Glencoe
4. Also, the produce of Marcella, by Alfred, and Imp. Zinganee
5. Sam'l Shy names the produce of Nancy Shaw and Frank
6. Also, the produce of Lady Jackson and Frank
7. H. J. Daniel names the produce of Maria Louisa and Medoc
8. Also, the produce of Maria's dam and Frank
9. James L. Bradley names the produce of Margaret, by Sumpter, and Imp. Zinganee
10. Also, the produce of Belvoir, by Escape, and Imp. Zinganee
11. Also, the produce of Nell, by Orphan, and Uncle Fowler
12. Also, the produce of Hughes' Robin Grey mare, and Uncle Fowler
13. Thos. H. Hunt names the produce of his Orphan mare, full sister to the dam of Eliza Jenkins, and Imp. Glencoe
14. Also, the produce of Aunt Margaret, by Trumpator, out of the above mare, and Hickory John.
15. A. G. Morgan names Kansas, by Hickory John, dam by Trumpator
16. E. Warfield names the produce of Dr. E. Warfield's mare Rowena, and Imp. Hedgeford
17. Also, the produce of Dr. E. Warfield's bl. m. Susette, and Sir Leslie
18. Henry Clay, Jr., names the produce of Heads-or-tails and Imp. Glencoe
19. Also, the produce of Goldevine and Imp. Zinganee
20. W. T. Ward names the produce of Bertress, by Bertrand, and Waxy
21. Also the produce of Polly Smallfry, by Bertrand, and Robert Burns
22. Charles Buford names the produce of Butterfly and Imp. Belshazzar
23. Also, the produce of Rodolph's dam and Imp. Belshazzar
24. Junius R. Ward names the produce of Black Eyed Susan and Imp. Zinganee
25. Also, the produce of Missletoe and Imp. Zinganee
26. Also, the produce of Peggy Stuart and Singleton
27. J. G. Boswell names the produce of the Duchess of Marlborough and Imp. Hedgeford
28. Also, the produce of Gray Fanny and Imp. Hedgeford
29. Also, the produce of a Sea Serpent mare and Bertrand Jr.
30. Also, the produce of Grane's mare, by William, and Imp. Hedgeford
31. Also, the produce of Ferguson's Bertrand mare, (out of Davy Crockett's dam,) and Imp. Hedgeford
32. H. W. Farris names the produce of Martha Woods, by Trumpator, and Frank
33. Also the produce of Frances Ann, by Frank, and Mingo
34. J. W. Tisdale names the produce of John Quill and Mingo
35. James Lindsey names the produce of Rattlesnake and Imp. Hedgeford
36. Also, the produce of Stockings and Imp. Hedgeford
37. Thomas Buford (by Col. Buford) names the produce of Vanity, by Bluster, and Medoc
38. Robert Moseby names the produce of Brown Mary, by Sumpter, and Mingo.
39. S. Davenport and J. G. Chiles name the produce of Althea, by Big Archy, and Mingo.
40. Also, the produce of Betsey Harrison, by Aratus, and Imp. Zinganee
41. Meredith R. Tarlton names the produce of a Gallatin mare, out of Woodpecker's dam, and Pacific
42. Also, the produce of the dam of Harrison, by Doublehead, and Woodpecker
43. John Cunningham and H. T. Duncan name the produce of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, and Woodpecker
44. Also, the produce of Jesse Cunningham's mare, by Potomac (dam of West Florida), and Woodpecker
45. Lewis K. Grigsby names the produce of the dam of Grayeller, by Bertrand, and Medoc
46. Also, the produce of the dam of Roanna, by Potomac, and Bertrand, Jr
47. George E. Blackburn names the produce of Letitia, by Whip, and Mingo
48. Also, the produce of Amanda, by Doublehead, and Mingo
49. James K. Duke names the produce of Keph's dam and Medoc
50. Also, the produce of Cherry Elliott and Rodolph
51. Geo. & John W. Brand name the produce of Lady Adams and Medoc
52. H. B. Stute names the produce of Yarico, by Sumpter, and Mingo
53. Geo. N. Saunders (by Lewis Saunders) names the produce of Diamond and Wm. 4th
54. Also, the produce of Tolivia and Wm. 4th
55. Thos. Y. Young names the produce of Milly Lane, by Tarlton's Rolla, and Frank.
56. J. C. Mason names the produce of Sally Hornet and Frank
57. Robert Burbridge names the produce of Sarah Miller and Woodpecker
58. J. W. Fenwick names the produce of old Lady Fortune, by Brimmer, and Imp. Zinganee
59. Sidney Burbridge names the produce of his grey Pacolet mare, out of Jane by Whipster, and Rodolph
60. Also, the produce of Mary Bertrand and Mingo
61. Also, the produce of his Waxy mare, out of Jane, and Mingo
62. Also, the produce of Eliza Henry, by Cherokee, and Woodpecker
63. Francis R. Hunt names the produce of Calanthe, by Sumpter, and Medoc.
64. B. R. Jenkins names the produce of Sally Howe and Medoc
65. Also, the produce of Medoc mare Mary Bedford and Bertrand, Jr.
66. J. M. Estill & Remus Payne name the produce of Patience, by Hephestion, and Medoc
67. Richard Chiles names the produce of Eliza Jenkins, by Sir William, and Medoc
68. J. G. Chiles names the produce of Huntsman's dam and Mingo
69. Also, the produce of Eliza Tomlinson and Medoc
70. Thomas Kirkman names the produce of Imp. Gutty and Imp. Glencoe.

[June 8] J. M. PINDELL, *Sec'y.*

THOROUGH BRED STOCK FOR SALE.

The health of the undersigned, and that of his family, requiring a climate more congenial than Long Island, he has determined to dispose of his farm at Jamaica:—in which event he has no place for his blooded stock. He has mares, colts, and fillies of all ages, and of the different blood of Sir Charles, Eclipse, Henry, Barefoot, Trustee, and Gohanna; some of the mares are of the most desirable crosses, and purchased at a high price. They will be sold for *one half* thoir value, and if desired, a credit of twelve months given, if early application be made to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," who will be furnished with a catalogue numbering some 20, or 30, and give every information desired.

[my 25] ALEXANDER L. BOTTS

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Grogg mare—is 15½ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30–3m]

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard.

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

weepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

[my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

BERNERS' COMUS.

THE *Imported Stallion*, BERNERS' COMUS will stand in 1839 at Boardma Huntsville, Ala., at $80, insurance $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation o being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient she bles; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29–tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been at use upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Granur and & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates. and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be ressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c, must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

jd1 tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29–tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000. J. W. RILEY.

March 17, 1839.—[M30]

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats.* The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3.52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Shreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2–t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2–tes]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one o his ore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—(J5-tf.]

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of thespeediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON'S horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, why was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. RICHARD LOGAN.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. MCCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, a single dash of Two miles. [F9]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting will commence on the 2d Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses. $1500, four mile heats; $1000, three mile heats; $600, two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse is to go to the 2d best, if more than two start. [june 8]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A. Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp] mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

JOHN DAWSON AND CRAZY BILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30–3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16–tf.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 1, 1838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has att

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 22—Fourth night of the engagement of Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI. NATIONAL GUARD—The second act of LA SYLPHIDE—EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND—LA BAL MASQE—and THE RIVAL PAGES.

MONDAY, June 24—Last night but three of Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI'S engagement. TOM NODDY'S SECRET—LA BAYADERE; Zoloe, Mad. Taglioni—and CHAOS IS COME AGAIN.

TUESDAY, June 25—For the last time, the drama of OLIVER TWIST, taken from Boz's popular work of the same name; to conclude with the laughable farce of NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, OR, DOINGS AT DO-THE-BOYS HALL.

WEDNESDAY, June 26—Last night but two of Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI'S engagement. Second act of LA SYLPHIDE; James Reuben, Mons. Taglioni; La Sylphide, Madame Taglioni; LA BAL MASQUE, and other entertainments.

THURSDAY, June 27—Mr. PLACIDE'S Benefit.

FRIDAY, June 28—Last night but one of the engagement of Monsieur and Madame TAGLIONI'S engagement. First act of LA BAYADERE—second act of LA SYLPHIDE, and other entertainments.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

IN consequence of arrangements having been made with Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES and Mr. BARNES, to appear in some of their popular characters, the Theatre will remain open for a few nights longer.

MONDAY, June 24—Miss C. Barnes's Play of OCTAVIA BRIGALDI; Octavia Brigaldi, Miss C. Barnes; to conclude with FAMILY JARS; Delph, Mr. Barnes.

Miss Charlotte Barnes and Mr. Barnes will appear every night during the week in some of their celebrated characters.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

NOTICE TO DRAMATIC AUTHORS.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the professsion, that, in some degree to encourage native talent, he will give $100 for any successful new drama of not less than 2 acts, and one half the receipts of the house on the 6th night of representation—and $50 for a farce, and one third of the house on the 6th night of representation as above.

The strictest attention will be paid, and no expense spared, to give effect to all pieces produced. Address (post paid)

D. D. McKINNEY,
Olympic Theatre.

[my4tf]

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the above establishment, under the present management, are particularly requested to present the same, daily, at the Box Office between the hours of 10 A.M and 2 P.M., for adjustment. The box book is now open, and seats can be secured.

WM. M'KINNEY.

May 1, 1839.—[m4tf

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The TAGLIONIS have come back, and are drawing better houses than you would suppose possible at this season, without the least novelty of attraction. They opened in the "Sylphide," a very capital ballet; they have since played "Le Bal Masque," which, in our opinion, is "von grand humbug." We are writing on Friday, and this evening they will appear in the "Bayadere." It will be hardly worth while for us to attempt to notice it this week. The variety which the manager seems determined to present is the only possible mode of making the theatre pay during the summer months. Even the Taglionis will require new ballets, and a constant change of pieces.

Two of the stock company have taken benefits since our last—RICHINGS and Mr. HIELD. He is a bold man who takes a benefit in these days without the most powerful attraction. Neither of these gentlemen drew profitable houses, although they may have lost nothing. It is unaccountable to us why they put up such bills as they do during the summer months. Who, I pray you, is rash enough to risk being melted to death by the heat, and bored by a debutant, for the mere *chance* (one chance in a thousand) of seeing something good? And yet nothing is more common than to put up the name of some aspiring novice for the benefit of a favorite actor. We grant you, and we complain, that the public is quite too indifferent to the claims of good stock actors, and that their benefits are generally ill attended. But the remedy is not to bring forward a debutant for the occasion to secure a house. Do one of two things,—either rely entirely upon the strength of the company, and play one of your own best parts, or engage the most eminent and *expensive* talent in the city. Then you may hope for a substantial benefit, or, at least, to escape any loss. But to engage any doubtful or moderate attraction is worse than suicidal.

These remarks have not been drawn from us so much by recent failures, or recent benefits, as by an early observation of the ill-judged course which we generally observe that our actors pursue in this respect. Everything that has occurred this week has served to strengthen our early impression. For his benefit on Tuesday, Mr. Richings brought forward a pupil of his own—Mr. GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE. Like the rest of the world, we stayed away till the last moment, without the courage to face *Richard the Third* for three or four hours, save with the certainty of delight. We saw the fighting, dying scene, however, and it was, at the least, *peculiar*. A gentleman, whose judgment we value highly in these matters, assured us that it was the most successful debut he had ever seen. The voice of Mr. Cooke nearly gave way before the end of the tragedy, but our friend tells us that he indicated great fitness and talent for the stage, and an intimate knowledge of the character he had assumed. Richings, in his address of thanks, treated it as a triumphant attempt, and was applauded by the audience when he complimented his pupil. There were, however, *some* friends of Mr. Cooke among this audience.

Mr. BALLS and Mr. HIELD have each taken a benefit since our last, but neither of them had half so good a house as he deserved. The more's the pity, but then no one is disappointed, for this is the very worst season in the whole year for benefits. We were particularly sorry that Mr. Hield's benefit resulted so unfortunately. On that occasion his wife and Mr. BARTON had volunteered, which should have drawn an overflowing house. Hield himself deserves well of our audiences for his untiring assiduity, his correct bearing, and his professional excellence.

But we come to write of a benefit which even at this late season of the year must inevitably be crowded—the benefit of the peerless AUGUSTA. We have heard during the week, that the suggestion thrown out by this paper some weeks since has been favorably received, and that arrangements are in progress to pay her an elegant and substantial compliment. We know little of the details, but the object is so praiseworthy, that we do not hesitate to call on all men who take the "Spirit," to make preparation to attend. Aid it in every way, and once again glad the hearts of your wives and daughters by allowing them to look upon the most beautiful and graceful *danseuse* that ever appeared on our boards.

It is now a long time since we have seen Augusta in New York, but had it been a century, how could we have forgotten her in that perfect Page, who realized all one's conceptions of youthful innocence, beauty and grace, united to the most fascinating spirit and archness. In the ballet of "The Pages of the Duke of Vendome," little opportunity is afforded for great points; it is a pleasing picture of twelve handsome boys enacting their amorous, and roguish pranks, with Augusta at the head of them. There is a succession of striking situations and pleasing groups—some dancing, but more delightful marching, with fun and frolic enough to make the piece go off trippingly. But the great attraction throughout is of course Augusta, in praise of whose beautiful proportions and charming features we can never do justice in a paragraph. Were she to appear in nothing but that ballet, the house should be crowded; but there are schemes on foot for presenting such attraction at this benefit as we do not often have the opportunity of enjoying.

The health of Augusta has suffered a little of late, and she has been compelled to decline two or three engagements in town, in consequence. At Providence where she last appeared, she was so ill as to be unable to attempt the trial dance in the last act of "La Bayadere," and an apology was made the last two nights of the engagement. Since she left that city, a newspaper in Providence has seized hold of the topic, and abuses her in good set terms for not doing that which she was physically unable to do, and which the manager knew that she could not attempt. The Providence paper will find it a little difficult to persuade any one who has ever witnessed her performances, and remarked her unceasing attention to the business of the stage, that anything but absolute illness could have restrained her from going through with her part.

Miss CLIFTON has now gone to Providence, having returned from Baltimore, where she played the most successful engagement of the season. Early in September we hope to see her at the Park again, if her present purpose of a voyage to England should not prevent.

National.—The only thing worthy of a long note here, is the miserable failure of "Der Freischutz" on Wednesday, when it was sung for the benefit of Mrs. BAILEY, *without* a singing *Caspar*. Mr. SEGUIN very valorously and gallantly refused to appear in the part as had been expected the week before, reserving it probably for his own use at a future day. When that day comes, we trust the National audience will remember him. When actors attain such a lead in a company that the management cannot coerce, nor kind feeling induce them to appear in a character for which no other individual in the company is fitted, it is time for the supporters of the theatre to take the matter in hand. They, we have found, can usually set the thing right and in good time. Every one who has visited the National habitually for the past eight weeks, must have seen how much the company has wanted an efficient head—the personal attendance of the manager. It has been difficult at times to cast a simple farce; and again a new opera has been announced and re-announced so frequently, that when the revival of a leading star from her lethargy, at last suffered it to be heard, it was more than half damned by the disgust of the public. The last bit of this farce is playing "Der Freischutz" without a *Caspar*—an unworthy termination of a season which opened brilliantly, and with prudence on the part of the management, and a proper attention to their duties by the principal stars, might have closed with equal lustre. There appears to have been a wanton trifling with the popularity of the house; had it been confined to that of a few actors or vocalists, the ill effects would be less deplorable. Nothing but the most adroit and liberal management can ensure permanent success to the National theatre, such are the local difficulties with which it has to struggle; a current of public displeasure which should set against it but for a short period might be fatal to it, when the Park could withstand a whole season of ill-favor and neglect.

We are happy to state that the benefit of Mrs. Bailey was brilliantly attended, notwithstanding the wrong done to herself, the audience, and the opera, by the secession of Mr. Seguin. We presume, however, some flippant apology will be devised for the occasion, which the greedy public will swallow with hearty gusto.

Mr. WILLIAMS was less fortunate in his benefit, than Mrs. Bailey. His house resembled some recent benefits at the Park,—a terrible array of empty boxes. To night the season closes definitely with the benefit of Miss SHIRREFF,—as it will be the last opportunity of hearing the vocalists for several months, we anticipate such an assemblage of fashion and beauty as gave *eclat* to the earlier career of this lady and the vocalists.

We have called this the last night of the season, and so indeed it is, if the usual announcements of the theatre are to be credited. But it is now understood that the BARNES' have made some arrangements for carrying on the business, and keeping the house open till the 4th of July. Thus far it gives us pleasure to hear of this, that we shall be gratified that so clever a family as that of Mr. Barnes' have an opportunity of again presenting themselves before a New York audience after a protracted absence. But on another account, one can feel nothing but regret; it will inevitably prove a losing business if we are at all competent to judge. We presume that there must be a great number of actors now in town, entirely out of business. This is inevitable, as all the Southern theatres are closed or closing. To procure profitable employment they venture upon the hazardous speculation of opening a theatre, at a time when every prudent permanent manager wishes to shut up. In every instance that we can recall, these attempts have proved so many failures, plunging the proprietors into expenses which the labors of an entire year go but a little way to repair. In the case of Mr. Barnes, it may result differently, for he has the means to carry on the war; but so convinced are we that the attempt is hazardous, and almost hopeless, that we shall seriously regret to see him engaged in it.

St. Louis Theatre.—Mr. BARRETT, Mrs. BARRETT, Mr. J. R. SCOTT, Mr. BARTON, JOHNSON, and young BURKE, are all engaged to play together here, commencing on Tuesday, the 11th, Marble and Love just finishing. Mdlle. America Vespucci attended the theatre last night at the manager's invitation.

Schlesinger, the Pianist.—The death of Mr. SCHLESINGER has awakened a sympathy among our citizens, which is about to find expression in offering substantial relief to the family of the departed artist. Schlesinger as a pianist and musician, stood confessedly at the head of the profession in America. His genius was early appreciated by amateurs in this city, and he was rapidly extending here a taste for the highest order of musical enjoyments. He was cut off in the midst of his labors, in the flower of his age. His family has been left destitute, and a committee of gentlemen has volunteered to get up a concert for their relief. It is an appropriate and graceful tribute to the memory of the man, and enables his brother artists to unite their aid in mourning the departed, and alleviating the afflictions of his family. Madame CARADORI ALLAN, who has just returned from her Southern tour, has volunteered her services, with Madame MARONCELLI, Mrs. HORN, a great number of instrumental artists, and one or two distinguished amateurs. The concert will take place on Tuesday evening next, at the Tabernacle, in Broadway, and we call upon our readers to unite in this appropriate tribute to genius and musical accomplishments.

New Books.—JAMES has written a new novel called "The Gentleman of the Old School," which the HARPERS have just published. It came to us only an hour since, and we have, therefore, only looked at the title-page. But it is by James, which is quite enough.

LEA & BLANCHARD have recently published "Statesmen of the Times of George III.," by Lord BROUGHAM. A notice of it was crowded out last week. It is one of the most enlivening works we ever got hold of, and every gentleman should read it.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

Paris, Tuesday, May 7.

Auber's *Lac des Fées* has met with all the success I predicted that it would have. It has been judiciously curtailed in the ballet portion, and it now goes admirably. The music gains upon you at every rehearing. It is the most delicately and gracefully instrumented of all Auber's operas, and the fairy music is as elegant as it is original. Amateurs remark upon the happy contrast he has made between the sounds mortal and immortal, and to every situation there is a characteristic expression. This is the great school of Gluck—it is hoped that Auber will follow up his system. My enthusiasm is still burning for Duprez.—The weight of the opera is on his shoulders, and nobly he sustains the burden. I see that "The Fairy Lake" is to be "done" in London. What tenor is there for the romantic German student? In respect to the heroine, it can be infinitely better sung and acted than here. Mdlle. Nau has not answered the expectations of her friends in this, the first part she has "created," as they say here. It is a Mountain Sylph, and your Miss Romer, who so exquisitely enacted Barnett's as exquisite spirit of the air, will make up for the deficiencies of a tenor.

Mario (the Count of Candia) being soon destined for your enacting *dilettante*, it has been thought proper to assign to him another part before his departure. Rossini's "Comte Ory" was chosen, and last night the Académie Royale was thronged to excess to witness its revival, with Mario as the gay hero. This part was written for the unfortunate Nourrit, and finely did he act and sing it, although he was not perhaps sufficiently juvenile in appearance. From time to time one act, preceding a ballet, has been given of Comte Ory; but its re-production in an entire form has long been panted for. Rossini composed it expressly in 1828 for the Académie, and the French are proud of it, as well as of the "Guillaume Tell," that giant work of the master mind which stamps him as one of the first composers of any musical epoch. Le Comte Ory is possibly gleaned from all Rossini's other operas. It is like everything—it is the "Gazza Ladra," the "Semiramide," the "Turco in Italia;" in short, you may dissect the opera, and find that he has picked his own pocket. But what of that? Surely the great *maestro* had the right to repeat his own good things, and his phrases are always so bright, so fresh, it is as if you had heard them for the first time. By the way, what think you has become of the great composer? Enjoying the epicurean *delices* of Paris? No. Italia's bright sky is above him. He is at Bologna. Well, at Bologna! Then he has gone back with the *maladie du pays*. He is looking for Italian inspirations. His meridian is to be glorious by some stupendous production, in which the richest resources of harmony are to blend with the most exquisite emanations of melody. Rossini, that magical name, is to resound through Europe as a—FISHMONGER! Hear it not—tell it not—if you will—but in sober earnest—"*Nume benefico.*" Rossini has turned from a votary of music to a votary of Billingsgate. It is one of those erratic changes which we find in genius. Rossini found at Bologna that the supply of fish was indifferent—*au reste*, it is known that he is a *gourmand* of the first water. He therefore commenced his commercial speculation, and has his fishing vessels, his salesmen, and all the adjuncts for supplying and vending the Bologna market. And there is he to be seen smiling graciously at his fishy tenants, whose stalls are even under his palace, shaking them by the hand. Gracious powers, what a shake for Rossini, taking his thirds, his sixes, &c., as if he were noting a score of an opera instead of a convoy of mackerel. *Sic transit gloria* Rossini. And now to our—I beg pardon—his Count Ory, which last night was exceedingly well executed.

The music allotted to the Count is well adapted to Mario's clear and equable voice. He has added to his reputation, but it must not be imagined that he is a tenor who will electrify like Rubini or Duprez. As a tenor of the second rank he holds a distinguished place. Nature has gifted him with an organ of beautiful quality, but there is no *eclat de voix*, no decided style, and an execution which is yet but imperfect. His experience, indeed, has been brief, and time may do much. *En attendant* I think he will be more liked in a concert room and private parties. The enthusiasm there will be greater than in a larger arena where he lacks the *abandon*—the impassioned manner of the vocalists whom I have mentioned. The music of the *Elisir d' Amore* will suit him admirably; but Laporte would do well to get up *Robert le Diable* as well as *Count Ory*, with the resources he has at command. Mario, as an actor, is tame, although there are good histrionic opportunities in the Count.

Correspondent of the London Morning Post.

M. SCRIBE.

The fecundity of this dramatic writer, who has just supplied the libretto of the new opera, *Les Treize*, is truly wonderful. Alone, or almost alone, he contrives to furnish as many poems as the Académie Royale or Opera Comique require, which does not prevent his assisting the Comédie Française in its hours of distress, and, *incognito*, enriching from time to time the secondary theatres. The quantity of his dramatic compositions is now incalculable, and the number of his triumphs far exceeds that of the most fortunate authors. *Jocrisse*, in the play, wonders at the number of pieces contained in a china teapot; one wonders far more at the vast variety of scenes, expositions, intrigues, *dénouemens*, couplets, duets, arias, cavatinas, finales, introductions, flashes of wit, bons-mots, concetti, puns, and lazzi contained in the head of such a dramatist as M. Scribe. The multitude of personages he has put in motion is astonishing. In taking but an average of ten personages to each piece, upwards of three thousand would be found to be indebted to him for their dramatic existence. More than one prince of Germany does not supply such a contingent to the German Confederation, and in that number how many happy people has not M. Scribe made! No sovereign, either absolute or constitutional, ever enriched his subjects more. How many sons of good families has he not reconciled with their parents! How many rich uncles has he not seasonably brought from India and America to pay their nephews' debts! The number of orphans whom he has provided for and established, can be equalled only by the host of widows of old generals whom he has married to young colonels. On innumerable occasions he has raised the humble to rank and affluence, lowered the proud, effected matches which birth and fortune seemed to render impossible, and adjusted feuds of the deadliest nature without bloodshed. His benevolence has lavished millions, and the catalogue of his benevolent deeds is endless.

Parisian Theatricals.—The Theatre Francais, during the last month has enjoyed a prosperity without precedent. Tragedy and comedy enjoy equal vogue, and secure a nightly receipt of 5000 to 6000 francs; and this is occasioned by the united talents of a tragedian of twenty, and a comedian of sixty. One attracts the public by her rising fame, the other by her *semi-secular* glory; and, to add to the singularity of the fact, the two actresses draw these crowds in the characters of *Roxana* and *Mademoiselle de Belle-isle*, Mdlle. Rachel in a part much above her age, and Mdlle. Mars in one much below it. At her benefit Mdlle. Rachel cleared 21,000 francs; the bouquets, as usual, rained down upon her, one of which was bound round with a valuable bracelet. This young actress, since her *debut* (eleven months only), has already gained 60,000 francs, without counting 20,000 francs' worth of jewels which she has received in presents at the different *soirees* in which she has recited.

On Sunday last the May races took place at the Champ de Mars, and the fineness of the weather drew a considerable crowd. Lord Seymour did not gain, as is usual.

The already great number of metropolitan theatres is about to be increased by the opening of a new establishment in Stangate, near Westminster-bridge. The place will hold a thousand persons, and its performances will consist of vaudevilles and other trifling pieces.

Accident to Ducrow.—The following statement of the circumstance is from a communication to one of his oldest friends:—"My place in the coach was the right hand side of the *coupe*, which holds three persons. In entering St. Denis [four leagues from Paris] I opened the window, on which I placed my elbow, to allow the centre passenger to move. At the same moment the wheel of an immense timber waggon struck the coach and the lower part of my arm, which it entered and tore, then, proceeding, forced the upper part of the arm against the side of the window, and broke it in two between the elbow and the shoulder. Every assistance has been rendered me, medically and by the passengers, as well as M. Franconi and others, from Paris. I have borne the affliction better than I could have expected; and although still in bed, yet am I so far improved as to hope the worst is over." One of the French journals declared with great *nonchalence* that amputation of the injured limb had been resorted to: but it was immediately and skilfully set, and gives no reason to apprehend so dreadful a result.

Farley of Covent Garden Theatre, who possesses a much larger quantity of nose, than nature usually bestows upon an individual, contrived to make it more enormous by his invincible attachment to the bottle, which also beset it with emeralds and rubies. To add to his misfortune his face was somewhat disfigured by not having a regular pair of eyes; one being black and the other of a reddish hue. John Kemble happening once to observe that his eyes were not fellows, congratulated him on that circumstance. The rosy gilled old tippler demanded the reason. "Because," replied the jocular genius, "if your eyes had been *matches*, your nose would certainly have set them in flames, and a dreadful conflagration might have been apprehended."

A neat mural monument has been erected in Richmond Church, at the sole expense of his son, to the memory of the late Edmund Kean.

The last child of the celebrated Linnæus, Miss Louisa Linnæus, died at Stockholm on the 31st March, aged 90 years; she has left a considerable fortune, to be equally divided between her two nieces.

A posthumous opera of Mozart's, *Zaid*, is shortly to be produced at the Court Theatre of Darmstadt. The music has already been published at Offenbach. The *libretto* having been lost, another one has been written and adapted by M. C. Gollmick, a young poet of Darmstadt.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union, the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each; orders enclosing the money will be promptly attended to, and the Engravings, with or without the paper, will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

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For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion $5—Each subsequent insertion $1.
No Advertisements will be inserted for a less sum than One dollar.
☞ Communications, if by Mail, should be addressed, post paid, to the Editor or left at the Publication Office, on the Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, in the American Hotel Basement.

W. L. GARVIN, Printer.